

15 October 1996

Friday, October 11

Saturday October 12 1996

Algeria D 8.50, Albania 1.00, Andorra FF 10, Australia AS 50, Austria S 1.25, Belgium BF 66, Bulgaria L 240, Canada C 23.75, Croatia KN 12.50, Cyprus C 1.00, Czech Republic KC 50, Denmark DK 16, Finland F 10, France FF 10, Germany DM 3.50, Greece D 400, Hong Kong HK 25, Iceland IS 100, India Ru 55, Ireland I 7.50, Italy L 2,000, Japan Y 100, Korea K 100, Kuwait KD 0.50, Latvia L 100, Lithuania LT 3,000, Luxembourg LS 2,000, Malaysia M 2.70, Mexico MX 10, Netherlands G 4.00, Norway NK 16, Oman OR 1.00, Pakistan R 70, Poland Z 2.20, Portugal E 240, Qatar Q 3.50, Romania R 10,000, Saudi Arabia R 10, Slovakia SK 2.00, Slovenia S 200, Spain P 160, Sweden S 17, Switzerland SF 3.20, Thailand T 50, Turkey TL 100, Ukraine U 100, USA US 2.75

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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

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The Week

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Sir James Goldsmith

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The 20th century's answer to trauma

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# PM delights conference with attack on integrity of 'old school tie' Blair

## Major: Now it's personal

Michael White  
Political Editor

**J**OHN Major yesterday surprised and delighted his party faithful with a mocking attack on the integrity and inexperience of Tony Blair that will become a central theme of the Conservative re-election strategy.

The Prime Minister's speech at the end of an unexpectedly united conference —

“the week the Tory family came together,” he declared — was full of voter-friendly pledges which Labour quickly denounced as lies, boasting and amnesia.

But the strand of personal mockery the Prime Minister directed against the man he seeks to portray as a public school and Islington elitist — “New Labour, Old School Tie” — contrasted that Mr Blair is the election target his ministers have been firing at all week, the rival whose credibility they must break if the Tories are to have any chance of recovery.

The Tory tabloids are beginning to talk of a presidential struggle between “Honest John” and “Phoney Tony” and Mr Major departed from his official text to expand on that theme. He also used it to try to defuse the sleaze allegations against Tory MPs which Labour is determined to exploit.

Acknowledging that his party was “not perfect, nor is everybody in it”, Mr Major insisted that “this party as a whole is straight and honourable and true”. Unlike New Labour it was not ashamed of its past, had not abandoned its principles, had not had to reinvent itself.

“It simply won't do for Mr Blair to say ‘Look I'm not a socialist any more. Now, can I be prime minister, please?’ Sorry, Tony, the job's taken. And anyway it's too big a task for your first real job.”

He derided Mr Blair's “Age of Achievement” speech in Blackpool last week. “Have you noticed how the less a politician has to say, the more over-beated the language in which he becomes it? When every aim becomes a ‘crusade’, every hope a ‘dream’, every priority a ‘passion’?” He capped it with a line of Emerson: “The louder he talked of his honour, the faster we counted the spoons.”

Tory officials and MPs complain that their chief is on the receiving end of similar jibes and yesterday could point to Labour's party political broadcast on Thursday night, in which Spitting Image puppets were used to present Mr Major as grey, indecisive and hypocritical.

It all points to a dirty, per-

### Buzzwords

Times used in Major speech

- Labour 23
- Conservative 8
- Tax 16
- Britain 11
- Blair 3
- Hamilton 0
- Greer 0
- Sleaze 0

sonalised campaign as Mr Major struggles to close a 20 point gap in the polls. Later in his speech, he contrasted his own schooling with “the sort of privileged education Mr Blair and Ms Harman had. You know what they say ‘New Labour, Old School Tie’.”

The Prime Minister presented himself as the latest in a long line of “Opportunity for All” Tory leaders, from Disraeli to Margaret Thatcher. “By people I don't mean some people, I mean everyone... opportunity for all. It's in the bloodstream of our party,” Mr Major said.

He buttressed it with reheated pledges on key policy areas like law and order — a plan for “tagging” convicted children as young as 10 — education, “dole to dignity” welfare reforms and the familiar promise of lower taxes, a basic rate of 20p, but only when it is affordable.

The most significant policy priority was Mr Major's renewal of his 1992 pledge to increase spending on the NHS every year if he wins a fifth Tory term — presented as a “health service guarantee”.

In a well-delivered but insubstantial address the most warmly received and in non-election terms — most important passage concerned Mr Major's challenge to the Sinn Fein leader, Gerry Adams, over the bombing of the Army's Lisburn headquarters, which yesterday cost the life of Warrant Officer James Bradwell.

With his party uniting behind the Cabinet's European policy after Kenneth Clarke's fighting speech on Thursday, Mr Major told his troops that he will be touring the country to win.

“I didn't come from two rooms in Brixton to No.10 Downing Street not to go out and fight with every fibre of my being for the things I believe in and the country I love,” he said. Labour predicted the Eurosceptics would soon break the truce and Mr Major surprised some MPs by hinting on Sky TV that he might still change his Euro-policies before election day.

Leader comment, page 5  
Proposals for Arms embargo, front page The Week



John Major yesterday... voter-friendly pledges and attack on Tony Blair's 'inexperience'

PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM TURNER

## Avuncular John pats a few heads

Commentary

### Hugo Young

**J**OHN Major made a pitch yesterday as the uncle, if not the father, of the nation. It was his way of patronising Tony Blair, young Mr Blair he called him, a schoolboy aspirant for the top job, a lad who has no experience of “grown-up politics”.

Plainly we are entering the most presidential election in British history. As ideas have merged, the people, and above all the leaders, are what matter. Mr Major and his handlers have decided the image of the grey-beard uncle, tempered in struggle, is the Tories' strongest suit.

This leader's sense of personal primacy, however, is the same as Mr Blair's. Each man has egomania thrust upon him. Mr Blair thinks that if he, and he alone, was universally seen as the voice of New Labour, his party would walk into power.

Mr Major is sure, and many in and out of his party agree with him, that if he personally could meet every voter in the country, he would maximise the Tories' chances of averting the calamity which is about to roll over the hill.

So Mr Blair was yesterday's main target, with a subtle change of direction. The old litany of attacks on the unconstructed socialists who are about to eat the Labour leader for breakfast has been replaced by more personal

stuff about the man himself. Every time you hear the word “smarmy” springing apparently fresh from the brow of a tabloid feature writer or other Tory hack, be on notice that this comes from the Conservative news manipulators, who are hoping by dint of repetition to make “smarmy” Blair as infamous as “windbag” Kinnock.

Mr Major had a go at it with his reference to old school ties, and the comparison with life at the bottom of Coldharbour Lane, Brixton. But the substance of his message was that these juveniles are not fit to be trusted with the British economic miracle. He was relaxed, more amused than amusing, preposterously avuncular, a man making the best of the 17 years the Tories have had in power.

Kenneth Clarke and John Major between them are the pair who, for the first time, have shown how this eternity in office might yet be converted from an albatross into a bird of happy omens.

In one respect, they have an advantage that is, for better or worse, inextinguishable. There was no doubt yesterday about the kind of world for which the Tories speak. It will be the same as the last 17 years, only more so. Although light on dramatic new policies, and unoriginal in vision, the speech could hardly conceal what we will be asked to vote for. Governments act, oppositions merely speak — and this Opposition is more crabbed in the promises it dares to make, and less credible, through sheer absence of a record.

This, if you like what's happened and want to bang on to it, is a much more potent message than the Tories' own juvenilia, smearing graffiti designed to turn on page 2, column 3

# A triumph of the ordinary over the not too bad

Sketch

Simon Hoggart

**T**HE Prime Minister was promising a very personal election tour. “If you want to know where I am, it's very easy!” he said. “North, south, east or west, I'll be where you are!” Steady on, I thought. The claim of omnipresence was Jesus. We knew Mr Major was feeling more confident, but this was ridiculous. It's true that he is a little more at ease each year on

these occasions. The theme of the conference was ordinariness, and he was, as ever, triumphantly ordinary, thunderously not too bad, stепенously just about OK.

What he manages to evoke, in the midst of the vast hall, with its eager, shiny audience, its banks of cameras, its pulsing megawatt sound system, is the raffish draw at a Conservative bring-and-buy sale.

The PM began with the first of his nervous little jokes. As the applause washed up around him, he said: “For a moment I thought Norma had got up to speak! Now if I can have

the hat, please, yes, the prize of dinner for two at the Bournemouth Bait House goes to number... (I made the second bit up, but it gives you the mood.)

He has an unnerving habit of pausing for a punchline, and just when you expect a really belting gag, produces a stunner. One good line (“I was born in the war. My father was 66. My mother was — surprised”) was followed after an anguished pause with: “I recognise that laugh. That's Robert Atkins!” (an old friend whom he sacked last year.) The expected laughter is swallowed back by the audience like an unwanted burp.

A Major speech should be like a Sunday afternoon stroll in the country. But things keep going wrong. You snag your Val Doonican sweater on the barbed wire. You get your brogues stuck in the mud. Phrases which are meant to sweep you along hold you up instead. On Labour and devolution: “Their policy is in chaos. They change sides more often than a wind-screen wiper.” But wind-screen wipers stick to their own side of the car, don't they? And what does “we did it with raw political gut” mean, exactly? “It's been 21 years since

Michael Heseltine first got a standing ovation at this conference. And no one has sat down ever since!” You suppose you know what that means, but you can't work out why he put it like that. Meanwhile, the speech moves onward, but without you.

Suddenly he's talking about sending sports stars into schools, as role models. Who? Chris Eubank? Gazza? Vinnie Jones? What's he on about?

The most moving segment came when he spoke directly to Gerry Adams about the death of Warrant Officer Bradwell this week. “Don't tell me this has nothing to do

with you. I don't believe you, Mr Adams!” It reflects the Government's new total disdain for Mr Adams, and it sounded sincere.

He was far less convincing when he glossed over the latest Kash for Kwestions scandal. “This party, as a whole, is straight and honourable and true...” (Oh, come on.) And just silly when he tried to depict Labour as the party of entrenched privilege: “New Labour — Old School Tie.”

It ended amiably enough. The Grand Star Prize in the raffie turned out to be an election victory, but we haven't got the winner's name yet.

## We agree with the Harriet Harman on the right.

We applied Mr. Harman's motto, “We every one right-thinking parent” she has chosen to put the education of her child before parental choice.

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The Assisted Places Scheme will enable about 40 000 children from low income families to attend about 450 independent schools in 1997. More than 40% of places are FREE. Children as young as five years old can benefit. AFS puts at independent schools achieve 1-3 grades higher of 17 level than pupils of similar ability at other schools. (Source: Research Study, London School of Economics, published July 1996)

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Parental Choice Matters

### Inside

Education chiefs have apologised after a year of Dunblane's victim and her classmates were given a picture of a gun to colour

The struggle for power in the Kremlin reached fever pitch as Boris Yeltsin's rivals were accused of plotting his downfall.

Three executives of a small merchant bank are sharing a pay and perks package of more than £8 million.

Manchester United made a paper profit of £39 million as the share price soared on rumours of a takeover bid. The Week.

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Gen Malan in 1980 as a top commander of the apartheid era



General Magnus Malan arrives at the Durban court yesterday for the last day of the trial

PHOTOGRAPH: MARK WING



A victim of Inkatha raids on the ANC fuelled by the regime

# South Africa reels as Malan walks free

David Beresford in Johannesburg

**M**BUSI NTULI said outside the Durban supreme court yesterday: "South African law has been like this and it's always going to be like this: murderers go free."

The outcome of what has been described as one of South Africa's trials of the century — the acquittal of top military commanders of the apartheid era over the massacre of a priest, five women and seven children in a Durban township on January 21, 1987 — left most of the country in shock.

Mr Ntuli had a special reason for bitterness. His father was the priest, and his three sisters were among those killed in the attack on the house of his brother Victor Ntuli — an anti-apartheid activist — in KwaMakutha township. This massacre formed the basis of the prosecution case against 16 defendants.

There were some, of course, who were celebrating. Beaming broadly outside the court, General Magnus Malan — the highest-ranking apartheid official to face charges for his work in combating opponents of white rule — said the verdict was a victory for truth and democracy.

"While our country is staggering under waves of crime, corruption and stress, an important event took place here today," he said. "All those who believe in democracy can gain hope for the future from this. Today the truth has prevailed."

Gen Malan and his co-accused had denied operating death squads which, the prosecution argued, carried out the 1987 massacre.

Declaring that "our hearts go out to the next-of-kin of the victims of KwaMakutha", Gen Malan — who as head of the armed forces, and then defence minister, led one of the most ruthless killing machines in Africa — offered "a special word of thanks to President [Nelson] Mandela; we are informed that it was due to him that we were able to defend ourselves in this court of law."

Mr Mandela reacted to the

verdict with rectitude, issuing a statement accepting the finding and emphasising his respect and confidence in the judiciary.

"Without confidence in the courts, this society will degenerate into private vengeance and extra-legal activities," the president said.

His statement was clearly aimed at preventing black anger welling up in the wake of the acquittals. "Judicial findings, based on cold and dispassionate analysis of the evidence... must be respected even — or especially — by those who are aggrieved by these findings," Mr Mandela said.

Archbishop Desmond Tutu, commenting at hearings near Cape Town of his Truth Commission investigating the excesses of the apartheid era, spoke more directly to the mood of the townships. Court verdicts, he pointed out, say "very little about moral guilt... The court acquits because the evidence is not sufficient to prove beyond a reasonable doubt. But you know as you walk to out of the court that the people know that you did this. You still have to face your God."

In a joint statement issued later with his deputy chairman, Alex Boraine, Bishop Tutu said the court's decision only showed that the Truth Commission "offers a better prospect of establishing the truth about our past than criminal trials."

And there was a word of warning in the statement for the 16 acquitted yesterday: the outcome of the case should bring no reassurance to perpetrators of apartheid-era atrocities. The Truth Commission had not taken a decision whether to investigate the events leading to the Malan trial. "But as with any other investigations, if we were to go ahead we would not hesitate to invite or subpoena those involved in this trial, including those who have been acquitted."

The trial was a battleground for Mr Mandela's ruling African National Congress, and the Zulu-dominated Inkatha Freedom Party of Chief Mangosuthu Buthe — elements of which were co-opted by the 1980s apartheid regime to combat the ANC. About 100 Inkatha

supporters danced and sang outside the courthouse yesterday as police looked on. But Inkatha's secretary-general, Ziba Jiyane, accused the KwaZulu-Natal attorney-general who prosecuted the case, Tim McNally, of succumbing to political pressure to proceed on the basis of insufficient evidence.

Grounds for this accusation were strengthened by Justice Jan Hugo, who complained in his two-day judgment that witnesses who could have corroborated the state's case against Gen Malan and his co-defendants had not been called.

The state's case was heavily dependent on two key witnesses, both of whom were involved in the training of the "Caprivi 200" — a group of Zulus alleged to have been responsible for the KwaMakutha massacre who had been trained at a secret camp run by South African military intelligence in Namibia.

Captain Johann Opperman — previously in charge of covert training of members of the Angolan rebel movement, Unita — was a commander at the camp who claimed to have passed on orders for the KwaMakutha operation, and Sergeant Andre Cloete testified that he took 10 Caprivi trainees through "dry runs" for the massacre.

But both men were accomplices and their evidence needed corroboration. Other witnesses were available — notably Daluxolo Luthuli, the commander of the Caprivi 200 — but were never called.

Members of the investigation Task Board, the government-appointed unit which investigated the Malan case, were nicknamed the "Untouchables", having been recruited in the belief that they were beyond the influence of the police and military officers they were hunting.

The key member of the unit, Colonel Frank Dutton — celebrated for his success in nailing police officers responsible

for another massacre in the province — is now on attachment to the War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague.

The frustration of the Untouchables at the outcome of the Malan case was evident in a statement they issued yesterday.

"The court has acquitted the accused in accordance with long-accepted legal principles and we must respect the finding," they said. But their investigations had "revealed clear evidence of hit squads operating in the region of KwaZulu Natal over the last 10 years."

The task force had confirmed the existence of the Caprivi training camp and the incorporation of many of its graduates into the police — some of whom had subsequently been involved in hit squad activities. It had produced "prima facie" evidence that "high-ranking officers" had been involved in the KwaMakutha massacre.

The court had accepted that the massacre had been carried out by trainees recruited by Inkatha and trained in the Caprivi under the supervision of Capt Opperman and Sgt Cloete of the South African Defence Force's "director of special tasks".

The judge had accepted that AK47s used as the murder weapons were procured by the military.

The case had "supplied an insight into the operations of the security apparatus of the state in the 1980s," the Untouchables' statement said. "Much of this evidence stands untested. It is often said that courtrooms are not the best places for the exposure of the full picture."

The statement said the ITU would report on its disposal "in due course".

The KwaZulu-Natal attorney-general, Mr McNally, wished the accused well yesterday. "Justice was seen to be done by the whole world," he said.

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## The case

THE trial was centred on accusations that the former apartheid government waged a dirty war against its opponents.

In a seven-month trial, 16 men faced counts of murder and conspiracy for a 1987 death-squad massacre in the KwaMakutha black township, south of Durban. Thirteen people were killed at the home of an anti-apartheid activist, Victor Ntuli.

A broader "catch-all" charge accused the defendants of conspiring to eliminate opponents of the regime between 1988 and 1989.

THE DEFENDANTS Magnus Malan; former defence minister and armed-forces chief, aged 65. The most senior apartheid-era official to face charges linked to the killings of opponents.

15 co-defendants: Six Zulu police, Inkatha fighters who received special military training in the 1980s, accused of carrying out the Durban attack; a top Inkatha official, M.Z. Khumalo; three

vice-admiral, a brigadier and a senior policeman.

THE DEFENCE Gen Malan admits he helped set up Operation Marion, a plan to train the Zulu-dominated Inkatha Freedom Party to attack groups linked to the African National Congress.

He claims the operation was legitimate and younger renegade officers ran it autonomously; if its forces had a part in the Durban massacre, he was unaware.

THE JUDGMENT Justice Jan Hugo condemned key prosecution witnesses as liars, rejecting much of the evidence from a former military intelligence officer, Captain Johann Opperman, and his assistant, Sergeant Andre Cloete. He denied them immunity from future prosecution.

He said Gen Malan and other top generals were involved in planning a military operation against anti-apartheid figures, but had no intention or idea it would include hit squads.



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"Our arguments are being disseminated everywhere. We have the best research and the best legal advice. We irrigate the other parties throughout Europe."

Sir James Goldsmith talks to Hugo Young

The Week page 13

News in brief

Accountant jailed for theft of church funds

AN accountant, who funded a luxurious lifestyle by plundering Church of England coffers of more than £237,000, was yesterday jailed for three years. Dean Bailey, aged 34, described as a "Walter Mitty character", splashed out on £100 opera tickets, paid for boxes at Lord's Cricket Ground and took a five-star holiday in the Caribbean.

Woman aged 87 raped

POLICE are hunting a rapist who subjected an 87-year-old woman to a sustained sex attack lasting up to five hours at her home in Silsworth, Sunderland, on Wednesday. Detective Inspector Jim Campbell said: "It is vital that our inquiries reach a successful conclusion at the earliest possible opportunity as there is a danger of a repeat of this terrible crime."

Mandela praises 'friend' Blair

NELSON Mandela welcomed Tony Blair to South Africa yesterday with praise for the Labour leader's youth, his party and remarks which almost amounted to political backing. "I know the election is coming and I will not interfere but these are our friends and I wish them well," said Mr Mandela after the two emerged from a 40-minute chat at Tuynhuys, the president's Cape Town offices.

Labour MP dies of cancer

TERRY Patchett, the soft-spoken Yorkshire miner who became Labour MP for Barnsley East, died yesterday after a long fight against cancer. Mr Patchett, aged 56, was one of the last of a breed of manual workers until he entered Parliament. He was elected 13 years ago. At the last election he commanded a rock solid majority of almost 25,000. A byelection is likely to be called quickly by Labour.

Mother must stay in jail

A MOTHER jailed for repeatedly refusing to obey a court order for contact between her four-year-old daughter and her ex-partner must stay in prison, the Court of Appeal ruled yesterday. Judge William Foulton had sent the 30-year-old woman to Holloway prison for six weeks at a hearing at Canterbury crown court on Thursday after she failed for the eighth time to take her daughter to an arranged contact meeting with the father.

Dentist jailed for fraud

A DENTIST was jailed for a year yesterday for defrauding the NHS of about £20,000 by pretending he was being called out on emergencies. He Wai Edmund Chan, 41, who ran a dental surgery in Rushden, Hampshire, treated patients in working hours, then claimed they had been treated on a Sunday and dishonestly claimed on-call payments. He admitted 13 charges of false accounting, one of forgery, and one of attempting to pervert the course of justice.

Prince names new secretary

THE Prince of Wales has promoted his deputy private secretary to succeed Commander Richard Aylard as private secretary. Stephen Lamport, aged 44, a career Foreign Office diplomat who was seconded to the prince's office in 1993, is expected to take over by Christmas, when Commander Aylard is expected to leave. The prince's press secretary, Sandy Henney, said the appointment was for a period to be mutually agreed between the prince and Mr Lamport.



Is the Pope a catholic? Not when he played football.

Exclusive interview with the Pope's best mate... a Polish Jew. The Observer

Warning, by Jenny Joseph

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me. And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves And satin sandals, and say we've got no money for butter.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat And eat three pounds of sausages at a go Or only bread and pickle for a week And hoard pens and pencils and beermats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry And pay our rent and not swear in the street And set a good example for the children. We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now? So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

Evergreen status for a poem about growing old

Ms Joseph, aged 61, a former journalist, lecturer and pub landlady, heard the news while preparing for a poetry reading at Dorchester last night in aid of one of her favourite charities, the Living South African. "I am very pleased that so many people like my poem. I have had a lot of touching letters about it."



Jenny Joseph... Has had 'a lot of touching letters' about the poem

PHOTOGRAPH: STUART REDLER

Voted the top 10

- 1. Warning (Jenny Joseph) 2. Not Waving But Drowning (Stevie Smith) 3. Do Not Go Gentle... (Dylan Thomas) 4. This Be The Verse (Philip Larkin) 5. The Whitsun Weddings (Philip Larkin) 6. Stop All The Clocks (W H Auden) 7. Christmas (John Betjeman) 8. Fern Hill (Dylan Thomas) 9. Let Me Die A Young Man's Death (Roger McGough) 10. A Subaltern's Love Song (John Betjeman)

Youth claims friend killed head

Philip Lawrence murder trial hears tales of teenage gangs

PHILIP LAWRENCE, 17, who is accused of murdering a teacher, told his defence lawyer that he was a member of a teenage gang known as the Woo Sang Wu (WSWU) gang which, claim the prosecution, pretends to be a juvenile equivalent of the Triads.

Poorest pay too much tax due to computer problems

MORE than a million of Britain's poorest taxpayers have been overcharged because a government computer has been issuing incorrect codes for at least three years. But despite appeals from the Inland Revenue, the Employment Service three times cancelled attempts to remedy the fault because of the pressure of work preparing for the Job Seekers' Allowance, which came into effect this month.

Child sex tour boss sent to prison for 16 years

Sarah Boseley on Filipino justice for a Briton who offered girls of 12 to clients

IN THE first case of its kind, a British travel agent was jailed for 16 years by a court in the Philippines yesterday for offering sex with young children to tourists who bought package deals. Michael Clarke, managing director of Eastbourne-based Paradise Express, is the first Briton to be convicted of promoting and inducing child prostitution. He said yesterday he would appeal, alleging the evidence, some of it collected by Christian Aid, had been fabricated.

Child sex tour boss sent to prison for 16 years

Travel agent Michael Clarke in Manila en route to 16 years in jail for promoting paedophile trips to the Philippines. Evidence that the Philippines was being used by paedophiles after it emerged that the two Britons convicted in May of killing nine-year-old Daniel Handley were regular visitors for sex.



Travel agent Michael Clarke in Manila en route to 16 years in jail for promoting paedophile trips to the Philippines

PHOTOGRAPH: ROMEO RANOCO

aged eight and four. But Fr Cullen, who has another two prosecutions, of Swiss travel agents, pending, said: "There is a terrible commercial sex industry, protected by local family politicians." In some places, he said, there were women who had worked in bars since they were children and then offered their own daughters because they knew no different. But child sex tourism would not exist if the demand were not there, he stressed. "Who are the abusers? Mostly wealthy men from abroad and in the Philippines." Clarke's conviction was at best, he said, a beginning of the end.

Advertisement for Africans Christopher cool resp... Mahathir... party... STILL 20% CHEAPER... YOU FIND THE BEST BARGAINS... THE SMALL AD... Mercury Smart...

# Africans give Christopher cool response

Chris McGreal in Arusha

**T**HE United States secretary of state, Warren Christopher, met East African leaders in the Tanzanian town of Arusha yesterday, praising "African solutions to African problems" while urging them to change their policy on Burundi.

Mr Christopher, on his first visit to sub-Saharan Africa, met the presidents of Tanzania, Kenya and Uganda. He was seeking support for US proposals to create an African military force to protect civilians from the ravages of conflicts, such as in Burundi.

At the same time Mr Christopher called on East African leaders to alter their unusually unhelpful approach to a regional crisis by easing their blockade of Burundi at today's summit. He received a lukewarm reception on both counts.

The US has offered to help fund a standing force of 10,000 African soldiers with a United Nations mandate to create safe havens for civilians. Theoretically the troops would not engage in fighting, although they would be authorised to use force to create safe areas. The US says it will meet half the \$25 million cost if European governments make up the difference.

US officials were coolly received when they visited Europe last month to drum up financial support. France, perhaps fearing a threat to its military presence in Africa, said the plan was too vague.

The US proposal is an expansion of plans by the former Tanzanian president Julius Nyerere for African military intervention in Burundi — where 150,000 people have been killed and half the population driven from their homes by civil war. That scheme fell flat when Burundi's army threatened to resist intervention.

Tanzania "welcomed the concept" of the US plan, but behind the scenes African leaders are sceptical, especially about the proposal that the force should fall under UN authority, given the organisation's dire record in Rwanda and Somalia.

Of the three presidents at yesterday's summit, only

Uganda's Yoweri Museveni has spoken of committing troops to such a force. Eight other countries have offered varying endorsements.

The Kenyan president, Daniel arap Moi, leader of the most powerful country in the region, barely concealed his hostility towards the Americans after being forced to make what was seen as a deplorable trip to Tanzania.

While pressing longer-term plans for an African intervention force, Mr Christopher said the world could not stand by if Burundi collapsed.

"Should the situation in Burundi deteriorate further the international community must be prepared to act quickly to prevent a humanitarian catastrophe," he said.

He apparently failed to persuade East African leaders to ease sanctions against Burundi when they meet to consider the crisis today.

The US said Burundi's military leader, Major Pierre Buyoya, should be rewarded for reversing his own edicts dissolving parliament and banning political parties after the coup.

African leaders are more sceptical, and divided. Tanzania's president, Benjamin Mkapa, wants the blockade to continue until Mr Buyoya opens unconditional talks with the Hutu majority, including rebel leaders.

President Museveni is more sympathetic to arguments for creating safe areas, but his foreign minister said they should be maintained.

The region remains among the most volatile in Africa. Beside Burundi's war, new fighting is flaring in eastern Zaire between the army and Zairean Tutsi. Hutu extremists continue to attack Rwanda, which has responded by shelling Zaire. Any of these intertwined crises could increase the killing and send millions of people fleeing across borders.

What happened after the beating is pure speculation. Terry Pitzner, the American officer in charge of the United Nations High Commission for Refugees in Afghanistan, followed Najibullah's fate closer than any other foreigner. As the designated link man between him and the international community, he regularly visited the compound.

Mr Pitzner says he heard from unnamed sources that Najibullah was told he was to be hanged. "He wanted to make a final statement to sum

## JONATHAN STEELE in Kabul describes the last hours of Afghanistan's ex-president

# Najibullah's mortal mistake

**M**OHAMMED Najibullah's exercise bike stands unused in the hall, a reminder that the two-storey house defended by machine and metal window screens was until recently a "safe haven" for Afghanistan's murdered ex-president.

The doom-laden building, close to several deserted foreign embassies, has already acquired a new tenant. Norbert Hull, the United Nations' special envoy to Afghanistan, is moving in. The rooms where Najibullah, his brother and aide, and a bodyguard spent four years in luxury imprisonment are being turned into offices.

Visitors to the UN Special Mission to Afghanistan can catch a glimpse of Najibullah's way of life: the parallel bars on which he kept himself fit, the underground bunker, the long garden with pine and fir trees.

As the physical environment which sustained the ex-president changes, Afghans and members of the international community who knew him are beginning to talk about his last few weeks and hours before his death on September 27, although most are unwilling to go on the record.

Piecing together their evidence, it now appears that Najibullah left the UN compound willingly when a special hit squad linked to the Taliban militia reached the gates after entering Kabul unopposed.

"We need you. We want to ask you about the situation. We will let you come back," they told him, according to a member of the compound staff who saw the encounter.

Najibullah believed them. At roughly 3pm that afternoon Ghani, the southern Afghan region of Gardiz, had already endorsed the Taliban, and as a Pashtun he thought he could do a deal with them.

It was a catastrophic mistake. He was taken to the Arg, the nearby presidential palace where he had ruled for six years. He was beaten, tortured and mutilated.

A doctor who examined his body after it was taken down from the public place where it hung saw marks of heavy beating on the torso, apparently from rifle butts or other blunt objects. Najibullah's testicles had been cut off.

News in brief

**Two held for disco bombing that led to air raid on Libya**

**Blueprint for South Africa**

**Market bomb**

**US qualms**



**Massoud's forces begin to hit back at Taliban**

**N**ASIR, a Taliban commander, inspects a burning ammunition depot in Bagram, where a military air base was shelled yesterday by the forces of the former government.

Witnesses said at least six shells landed inside the base perimeter during the hour-long attack. The amount of damage is unknown.

The attack, and two others in the area just north of Kabul, seem to have been part of an offensive orchestrated by the former government military chief Ahmed Shah Massoud, whose envoys are said to have visited areas around the capital urging groups to turn against the Taliban.

Commander Massoud is thought to be planning the attacks from his Panjshir Valley stronghold, where local Tajiks staged similar raids against Soviet forces in the 1980s — Reuter.

up his life," Mr Pitzner said. "In Islam that is important. He may have insisted and started yelling. That's when they shot him."

His body was suspended on a rope and put on public display alongside his younger brother, who was hanged to death.

"We became friends. It was a pleasure to see each other," says Mr Pitzner, who brought along a satellite telephone on each visit to the compound so that Najibullah could ring his wife and family in New Delhi.

The ex-president spoke good English and was teaching himself more by listening to the BBC. Mr Pitzner brought him books and other reading matter.

"I took him The Great Game, by Peter Hopkirk, a history of Afghanistan in the last century. It had a profound effect on him and he started to translate it into Pashtu. 'Afghans keep making the same mistakes. They ought to learn,' he told me."

In the last few months of his life Najibullah developed relatively good relations with the mujahedin. He still felt he had a role to play, despite his poor domestic reputation as a former ally of Moscow and head of the secret police. In that job he is said to have ordered the torture and killing of hundreds of prisoners whom he suspected of links with the mujahedin.

"He was a man who wanted to walk out vindicated and leave with honour," Mr Pitzner said.

"He felt he was a victim of the cold war. The Russians and Americans were arming

arm, and he was still sitting there."

Many UN officials are still unhappy about the organisation's failure to protect Najibullah. The only guards outside the compound were provided by the Afghan government, and when they disappeared as the Taliban took Kabul Najibullah was left unprotected.

Several UN officials in Kabul considered what they

should do when staff at the compound told them the guards had gone. Anxious calls went on through the evening, but none of the officials was senior enough to act without political clearance from Islamabad or New York.

The last plane had already left for Pakistan before the Afghan guards withdrew. The only options were to hide Najibullah somewhere else or have another UN plane sent

in — something which would have required. To do this after dark in a city which was changing hands could only have been done by help from special forces. "Ultimately the UN relies on its member governments," said one official. "The Security Council had long ago chosen not to offer him protection."

Najibullah was simply a guest who stayed on when his hosts went off to bed.

# Mahathir sees off party rivals

Nick Cumming-Bruce in Kuala Lumpur

**T**HE Malaysian prime minister, Mahathir Mohamad, is likely to reshuffle his cabinet and consolidate his hold on power after fending off a possible leadership challenge.

The triennial assembly of his United Malays National Organisation (Umno), which ends today, has curbed the advance of his deputy and acknowledged heir, Anwar Ibrahim.

Although triumphant in the general election last year, Dr Mahathir — who at 71 has been running Malaysia for 15 years — has come under sharp criticism from the Malay community for "selling out" on racially and culturally sensitive issues.

Since the 1988 assembly of Umno, which dominates Malaysian politics, he has also seemed under pressure from his Mr Anwar.

Mr Anwar's followers and associates have increasingly moved into posts in Umno, whose president and vice-president become prime minister and deputy. But this year's assembly has checked the trend.

Candidates identified with Mr Anwar won the leadership of the party's influential youth and women's organisations.

But Dr Mahathir then delivered an emotional speech, tearfully appealing to the 1,800 delegates to fight growing corruption which, he said, threatened to destroy the party that had ruled Malaysia since independence.

"Our [Malay] race will collapse. This nation will revert to its former state of poverty, chaos and instability," he warned. "The foreigners ... will laugh at us."

Cynics note that Malaysia's so-called money politics has thrived for years, bringing the growing convergence of political clout and economic muscle.

But Dr Mahathir's appeal seems to have been effective. Shortly afterwards the delegates voted for the party's vice-presidents and its policy-making 25-member supreme council. "A lot of people changed their voting lists after his speech," one delegate reported.

They ditched a prominent vice-president closely associated with Mr Anwar. The foreign minister Ahmad Badawi, considered "Mr Clean" and an ally of Dr Mahathir's, took his place.

But not all Dr Mahathir's allies fared well. Mr Anwar will have to play a cautious waiting game but Dr Mahathir, too, will need to move adroitly to preserve his upper hand.

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# End is nigh for Perot's believers

**Jonathan Freedland in St Petersburg Florida**

**T**HEY march clasp candles, speak of their faith in a man they rarely see and warn ominously of the reckoning to come. Ross Perot's supporters are fast becoming a sect. Even in Florida, where the Texan computer magnate had one of his strongest showings in the 1992 presidential elections, they have been reduced to a faithful rump.

Four years ago Mr Perot won a fifth of the state's vote; now polls show his support at 2 per cent — lower than the 6 per cent he has nationally.

But on a balmy evening in St Petersburg this week the believers marched in protest at their party's exclusion from the televised presidential debates.

"Muzzle Ross, Freedom Loss," they chanted, each clad in the Perot uniform of slogan-bearing T-shirts.

Neither their presidential candidate nor his running mate, the economist Pat Choate, was there to address the rally. The pair do little conventional campaigning, preferring to rely on paid 30-minute television infomercials and interviews on talk radio.

It makes Mr Perot's Reform Party a demanding cause: one that relies on faith alone. "I believe Ross," says Teri Nadell. "I believe he's real."

Like the best sects, the Reformers warn of dark days ahead. Ms Nadell says: "The country's going down the tubes. Everything's going bad, everything's in decline."

The problem is that the corporations own America, she says, adding that the Nafta and Gatt free trade deals — once hailed by Mr Perot — have encouraged the best jobs to move to cheap-labour countries such as Mexico.

She and her husband Frank fire off statistics. Claspng their arms, their eyes widening, they tell you: "It's a fact, it's documented."

"They warn that Americans will be paying 87 cents of

every dollar in tax by 2010. There are even ominous threats. Mr Nadell says darkly: "We want to resolve this peacefully, but maybe our children will revolt."

Conspiracy theories abound. The presidential commission on debates, for instance, is funded by 11 corporations desperate to maintain free trade. That is why they shut out Messrs Perot and Choate.

The polls can't be trusted. "It's a way to keep America sleeping," says Pat Muth, the Reform Party's co-ordinator in Florida.

America has heard this talk before. Earlier this year it came from the Republican firebrand Pat Buchanan and his army of "peasants with pitchforks", which included the Nadells and thousands of other Perotistas. Last year it was the activists of the right-wing militia movement. Now the hardcore of the Reform Party is carrying on the same crusade — against the corporations, free trade and the shadowy establishment.

That the Perot sect is reduced to this is, paradoxically, a tribute to the movement's success. In common with other third parties in US political history, its key ideas have been absorbed into the system. It finds itself redundant.

Mr Perot's call for a balanced budget and a war on federal debt are now standard among Republicans and Democrats.

His demands for term limits on Congress and political reform shaped much of the Contract with America, the Republicans' election-winning manifesto of 1994.

The Texan billionaire has not managed to generate a new set of ideas to replace the old. He has few detailed policies. Television interviews find him frustratingly vague.

And, despite his vast fortune, Mr Perot's campaign is short of cash. Having accepted \$29 million (\$19.5 million) in federal funds, he cannot spend his own money, and there have been few donations.

The television networks — once keen to air his unrepentant denials — are now restricting the amount of airtime they are willing to sell him.

Above all, Mr Perot has lost his novelty value. Polls show him with an unfavourable rating of 78 per cent in Florida, suggesting people are simply sick of him.

# Ecuador's singing president lives up to his nickname - The Crazy One



Ecuador's President Abdala Bucaram launches a career as a pop singer, performing to a packed concert hall in Guayaquil. The president, who was elected in August after campaigning as El Loco (The Crazy One), has just released an album called The Crazy One. Who Loves. After dancing across the stage in a spectacle of lights and smoke, he finished his set with a Spanish version of Jailhouse Rock. PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRES RENDON

# Argentina cold-shoulders new migrants

Those facing prejudice are not foreigners but refugees from the recession-hit provinces, writes **Ivan Briscoe** in Buenos Aires

**I**N THE HEART of the port area of Buenos Aires stands the red-brick Migrants Church, a beacon of welcome to all settlers.

Inside, a column of wooden planks rises up one wall, each bearing the name of a country which has deposited people in Argentina's melting pot.

To Petrona, who helps out in the church, the 30 or more plaques are a proud symbol of Argentina's great immigrant tradition.

But her experiences as a migrant were very different from those of the Europeans who arrived so many decades ago. She came to Buenos Aires five years ago with her husband, and recalls loneliness and discrimination, being referred to by locals as *cabeza negra* (black head),

and being exploited by unscrupulous employers. Rather than being warmly welcomed, as the constitution demands for all immigrants, she was cold-shouldered.

"People think it will be great when they get to Buenos Aires, but it never is," she says.

Petrona is Argentinian born and bred. She is part of a new wave of migrants, an exile from the recession-hit provinces, seeking a life in the big city.

Almost all her generation of 20- to 30-year-olds from the northern town of Jujuy have followed in her tracks, in search of work and better health care.

Petrona's husband now works 12 hours a day as a waiter, and on his one free day temps as a security

guard. Many of her friends have found occasional work as cleaners, but long to return home.

"In my town, the only work comes with the tobacco harvest, but that only lasts for two months every year. Even then the wages are low," she says.

Young men who remain generally become alcoholics and the girls get pregnant as soon as they leave school.

In all Argentina's big cities the same story can be heard. Privatisation and economic reforms have strengthened the national economy but destroyed staple industries in smaller towns. As a result, unemployment has soared to over 17 per cent.

According to Norberto La Porta, a centre-left candidate for mayor of Buenos Aires

earlier this year, the government completely failed to understand the consequences of the huge economic changes it carried out.

"Public jobs from the second world war onwards were over-supplied," he says. "But the policy has just been to reduce public spending without thinking about the consequences."

Some towns have been stretched beyond their resources by the constant trickle of arrivals from the provinces. In Rosario, a large industrial town a few hours from Buenos Aires, the influx has virtually drained the social services' budget.

Last month it was reported that up to 70 people were arriving each day. Police in smaller cities nearby regularly pay for trucks to move people on.

On the edge of Buenos Aires, suburbs swollen by new arrivals grow by up to 5 per cent each year. Many of

the capital's residents see a connection between the newcomers and a sharp rise in crime, particularly armed attacks and burglaries.

Sergio Martin arrived in Buenos Aires a few months ago and now sleeps rough in a park. He knows several people who have turned to crime out of sheer necessity.

"It's the desperation — they don't want to go back to their homes and feel they've failed," he says.

The sting of prejudice is felt by almost all migrants. In the capital's soup kitchens migrants, including qualified professionals, voice the same complaints. Many say that employers will not give them anything but low-paid manual work, and they are treated like workers from Peru or Bolivia.

Petrona finds the discrimination hard to accept. "People don't seem to understand I'm Argentinian too."

# Whisky wars put amity on the rocks

**Ian Black**  
Diplomatic Editor

**P**RESIDENT Eduardo Frei of Chile can expect the red-carpet treatment when he visits Britain next week. He will lunch with the Queen and John Major, but is unlikely to be offered a glass of Glenfiddich or even Johnny Walker — unless as a hint.

Indeed, as preparations were made yesterday for the arrival of one of Latin America's most distinguished statesmen, British diplomats were calling for an end to the whisky war between London and Santiago and muttering audibly about what might happen if it rumbles on.

Anglo-Chilean relations are generally excellent, but Whitehall and the lobbyists are talking tough. Mr Major intervened with a letter to Mr Frei a few months ago, so far without result.

Whisky manufacturers have been fuming since 1988, when the government of Chile's local tipple, a tequila taste-alike called Pisco — taxed at a modest 25 per cent — persuaded the government to slap a 70 per cent duty on imported Scotch.

The glut result is that Chile buys a miserable \$11 million-worth of whisky from Britain annually — just 200,000 cases against 4.5 million cases of Pisco.

"Everybody's patience has worn out on this," complained Tim Jackson of the Scotch Whisky Association. "It's been raised on so many occasions, and the Chileans have promised so often that they would eliminate the discrimination, but they have simply not kept their word."

If there is no deal, Britain is likely to issue a formal complaint to the World Trade Organisation. "If Chile wants to develop its free-trade image, this sort of thing doesn't do it any good," one official warned.

But Chile's ambassador to Britain, Mario Artaza, insists that a solution was likely.

"The British must rest assured that we are doing our best. There is a strong lobby in this country with regard to whisky. We have to take our own lobbies into account, so it has not been easy."

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William Vickrey

# Economics for humans

**W**ILLIAM Vickrey, who has died aged 82, was the co-winner of this year's Nobel prize in economics for his work on "asymmetric information" — how to address situations where decision makers have different information. On hearing of his achievement three days ago, he went on television, as sharp as ever, and vigorously combatted unbalanced budgets and monetary unions. "It is not so much the money," he said, "but the chance to spread some economic sense into the nonsense world." There is no question that was true. He never knew what his own salary was.

His colleagues at Columbia University, where he spent his whole working life, described him as the epitome of the absent-minded professor. A huge bear of a man, well over six feet, rugged, square-jawed, with twinkling eyes and a mischievous smile, there was no touch of malice or meanness. Forgetfulness certainly, and innocence, but when it came to economics he could be theoretical, philosophical, and practical.

When he started research at Columbia University, in the 1940s, he thought macroeconomics was already taken care of. Keynes had done that. However, he was largely responsible for what was widely considered to be the fine result.

He wrote a great book on income taxation, *Agenda for Progressive Taxation*, in my

view much the best on that subject, because original and creative. He wanted to devise a system in which it was lifetime rather than just year-by-year income that was taxed. He clearly understood the general principles of taxation too. He was also prepared to think in terms of optimality, to apply logical reasoning to thinking about what is, after all, a moral question. He wrote an influential paper on economic utilitarianism.

Vickrey was born in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, but when he was only three months old his parents moved to New York. He spent his childhood there, in Switzerland and New Jersey, and later became a naturalised American citizen. After taking a first degree in mathematics at Yale, he moved to Columbia where he earned a masters in economics in 1937.

He left the university to practise as a tax advisor, and as a practising Quaker registered as a conscientious objector during the second world war, spending those years as part of his alternative service designing a new inheritance tax for Puerto Rico. His religious beliefs, he said later, led him to seek out "a more human economy".

He joined Columbia's economics faculty in 1946 and was awarded his doctorate. Students and staff alike enjoyed his eccentricities: the typically absent-minded professor was known at times to rollerskate to lectures.

Vickrey was also known for his imaginative schemes which he always attempted to persuade others to implement. For four decades, for example, he unsuccessfully tried to persuade the New York City's Metropolitan Transportation

Authority to abandon its flat passenger fee policy and to charge different fares depending on time of day and distance of the journey — long trips in the rush hour would cost more. He argued that his proposals would ensure fair fares and would minimise congestion. Again, it was strong in theory, practical imagination, and detail.

One of his schemes which had more success was his implementation of his theories on auctions. In one form, known as a "Vickrey auction", bids are sealed but the person who submits the highest bid pays only the price stated in the next-highest bid. This procedure was used last year when the Federal Communications Commission auctioned licences of slices of the airways.

In recent years it was macroeconomics that took his attention. Earlier this year he said that the plan outlined by presidential candidate Bob Dole for massive tax cuts would only work if it resulted in a bigger deficit. He argued that otherwise the net effect would be to depress the economy and the end result would be a reduction in spending with an increase in unemployment.

He had graduate students of high quality. Kenneth Arrow, Jacques Dreze and Jacob Mincer were three. He inspired, but was perhaps not an orthodox instructor. His course on mathematics for economists seems to have been famous. Instead of teaching how to differentiate he would say that was just mechanics and that the real fun was in talking about non-differentiable functions. Proofs seem to have frequently gone astray, but his brilliance was never doubted.

He would explore the immense Columbia University building from early till late, going to seminars, and if he sometimes fell asleep that did not prevent him asking brilliant questions when he woke up, like another great economist, Nicholas Kaldor. Vickrey did not confine his seminar attendance to economics: all kinds of social science, and beyond would attract him. But when the latest young mathematical theorist came along and bewildered the audience, Vickrey would quickly see what was going on, and pursue the discussion with an inimitable intuitive mastery.

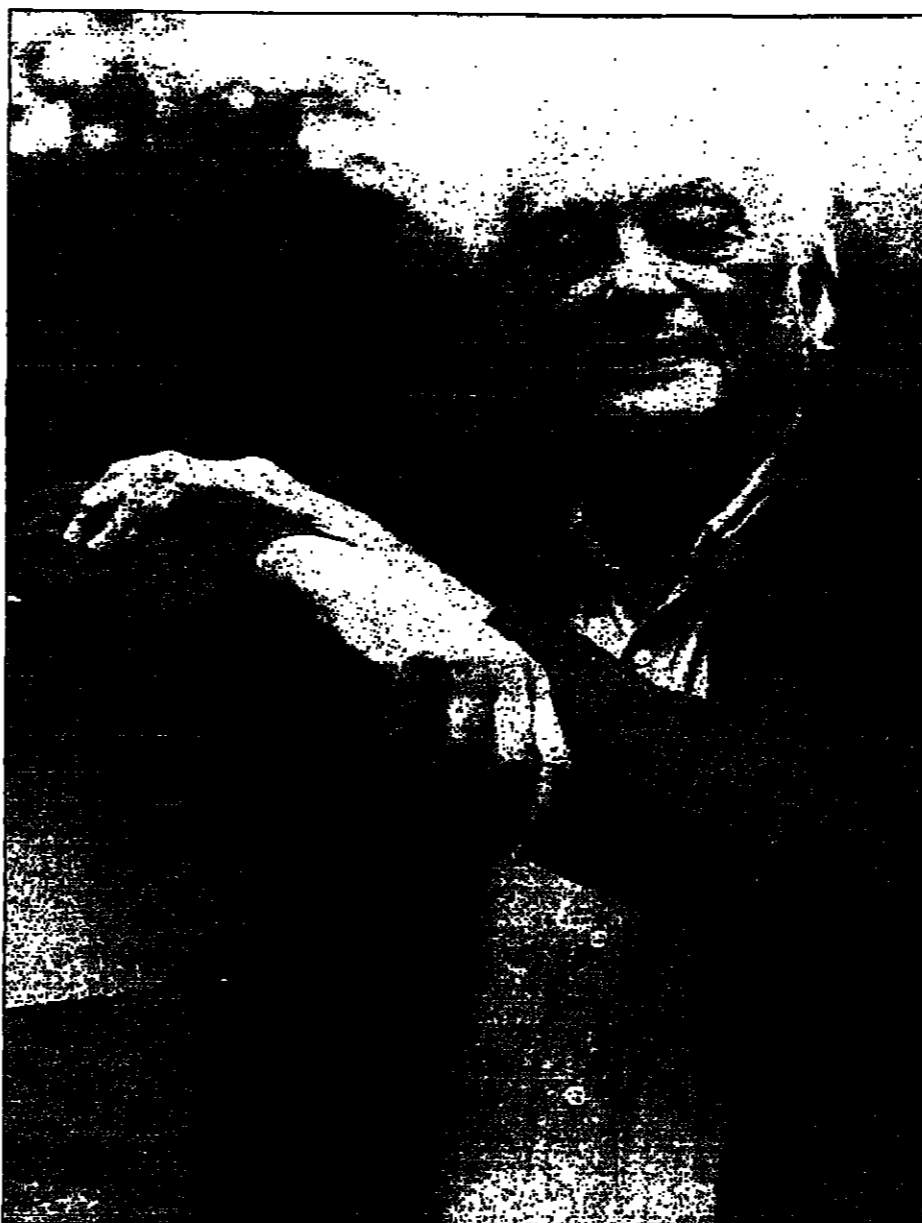
I did not know him, just his work, but his getting the prize gave me great pleasure, as it did so many others. His work had a great influence on those of us developing optimal tax theory in the 1960s and 1970s. What a good idea, one thought; and now what a

shame he had no more than a day or two to try to improve the nonsense world.

He leaves Cecile, his wife for 45 years.

**James A Mirrlees**  
Joint winner with Vickrey of this year's Nobel Prize for Economics

William Vickrey, economist, born June 21, 1914; died October 11, 1996



Nobel minded... laureate Vickrey planned to spread economic sense PHOTO: RICHARD DREW

Lord Clydesmuir

# Steel of the patriot

**T**HE NAME of Lord Clydesmuir, who has died aged 79, was for many years synonymous with the Scottish Council (Development and Industry), a body which has been in the vanguard of promoting Scotland's export drive and defending its industrial base. He was also a former governor of the Bank of Scotland and senior member of the Royal Company of Archers, the ceremonial Queen's Bodyguard in Scotland.

Clydesmuir was an archetypal establishment man, with a long list of directorships and honorary positions to his credit. However, his background was in heavy industry which he ardently believed should remain the backbone of the Scottish economy. His enthusiasm and broad-based knowledge impressed his colleagues, particularly in the field of export promotion. He led the first SCDI trade mission to the Soviet Union, in 1960, and also the first mission from the United Kingdom to China — put together by Clydesmuir at two weeks' notice in 1971 — in the wake of the Cultural Revolution.

Ronald Colville was born to parents representing two very different aspects of Scottish manufacturing. His mother's name, Bilsland, was well-known to generations of Scots for the products of the Glasgow Bakeries; his father came from one of the great steel-making families of Lanarkshire. He became Secretary of State for Scotland in 1938 but lost office when the coalition government took over two years later. He went on to be Governor of Bombay and acting Viceroy of India, before being awarded the hereditary peerage in 1948.

In the early 1930s Colville senior had ministerial responsibility for overseas trade and had led a number of delegations. It was this area of activity which most enthused his son. On the other side of his family, Clydesmuir's uncle, Sir Steven Bilsland, had been the driving force behind the creation of the SCDI, an export institution which played a large part in Clydesmuir's life.

He was educated at Charterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge, where the tutelage of Maurice Dobb on the workings of the communist system was to stand him in good stead. When it came to leading trade delegations to China and Eastern Europe, Clydesmuir had a far better feel for the value systems he was dealing with than most politicians or diplomats.

During the war he served with the Camerounians (Scottish Rifles) and was mentioned in dispatches. Afterwards he entered the family steel company, working his way through its various departments to acquire an all-round knowledge of the industry and becoming a director in 1958.

In the meantime he had

joined the executive committee of the SCDI and inherited the title in 1964 on his father's death. Clydesmuir spoke rarely in the House of Lords and when he did it was invariably in connection with the Scottish economy. His maiden speech in 1960 predicted that "a completely new range of possibilities will shortly open up when steel, sheet and strip become available from the new plant at Ravenscraig. Now, however, is the time to interest and attract companies which can establish manufacturing based on this material."

Seven years later, he spoke in the Lords against nationalisation of the steel industry but, characteristically, expressed much stronger concern about the impact of a centralised control structure on the Scottish industry. Twenty years before Robert Scholey sounded Ravenscraig's death-knell, Clydesmuir presciently warned that "the removal of policy-making responsibility from Scotland would be extremely harmful to the industry, and these effects would also spread far beyond and into a whole range of other industries which, taken together, form the backbone of the Scottish economy."

Clydesmuir had been in banking since the mid-1960s,



Clydesmuir... family trade

as governor of the British Linen Bank which was then subsumed into the Bank of Scotland, of which he became governor in 1972. He also held a string of directorships in financial institutions which played a large part in Clydesmuir's life.

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**Brian Johnson**  
Ronald John Bilsland Colville (Lord Clydesmuir of Braidwood), businessman, born May 21, 1917; died October 2, 1996

Terry Patchett

# A rich seam of experience

**T**ERRY PATCHETT, who has died from cancer aged 56, was Labour's MP for Barnsley East since 1983. He was the author of the leading Commons Scargillite, Dennis Skinner. Quiet and dapper, he spoke on miners' issues, and had none of Skinner's hyperactivity or biting humour. Unlike Skinner, he was not averse to drinking with pressmen.

A miner's son, he went to the local council school and Wombwell Technical College, before going to Houghton Main colliery at 17, for 26 years. He served on Wombwell urban district council from 1969 to 1983.

Terry was among the last who came up the regimented ladder of the Yorkshire miners. He was elected a delegate from Houghton Main in 1966 and on to the Yorkshire miners' executive in 1977. He was selected first to succeed ex-miner Eddie Wainwright in Dearne Valley before being switched to new Barnsley East after boundary changes

before the 1983 election. Essentially he had only one loyalty, to the miners. He defended the Greenham Common women and left-wing councils' nuclear-free zones, not least because nuclear power was anathema to those mining coal.

Other things, too, were linked to his Scargillite loyalties, like attending the 15th anniversary celebration of the Libyan revolution. This was when Colonel Gaddafi was lending money to the NUM during the 1984-85 miners' strike. Patchett went into high gear in defence of the strike. He could not understand how people could attack Scargill but dislike Lech Walesa for doing the same thing — defending the unions. He expounded police brutality on the picket line in April 1984 and unceasingly called for a miners' strike to such one-sided interventions.

He could seem paranoid, or reflect Scargill's views, in suspecting every government move as directed against the miners. But they were sometimes right. He attacked the bill privatising electricity as "a mining industry's worst enemy" while allowing competition for cheaper power only among big companies. He regularly

Dick Pickering

# International union man

**M**ANCHESTER binmen's leader Dick Pickering was representing the Trades Union Congress celebration to stay back in South Yorkshire, perhaps as a union official. He last attended parliament earlier this year when he had been driven 400 miles by ambulance for a crucial vote: always concerned for MPs' rights, he thought that making such voting demands on sick people was barbaric.

He married his wife Glens when he was 21 and they had a son and two daughters. Last night he announced he would not stand for Parliament again. Glens never adjusted to having an absent MP-husband, but not because she was worried when he put two words — "more crumpet" — in the Commons' catering suggestions book.

**Andrew Routh**  
Terry Patchett, politician, born July 11, 1940; died October 11, 1996

strongly fought redundancies among Manchester's council workforce. Their concerted opposition helped to blunt the executive's axe in the north-west.

His presence in Brussels this week demonstrated his important work for the movement on the international stage. At home he was tireless, in spite of being a victim of several heart attacks. He chaired the TUC's investigation into repetitive strain injury, largely caused by incessant computer work. The inquiry, three years ago, has led to a general recognition that new technology is responsible for considerable problems in the workplace and that workers are entitled to fair compensation.

Dick was also a fervent supporter of the Anti-Apartheid Movement, and a member of the executive in its new form following the political changes in South Africa. He met Nelson Mandela in 1983 after the South African president received the freedom of Glasgow and nurtured links between low-paid workers both here and in Africa.

We also shared a love of cricket, particularly Lancashire cricket. A month ago we were playing against each other in the annual match be-

tween the press and the TUC general council, revelling in the fact that while we were playing in Preston, Lancashire were demolishing Northamptonshire in the NatWest final at Lord's.

Dick was worried. Neither of us objected to Lancashire being knock-out kings, but the county championship was the only thing that mattered. As Dick knocked off his customary 25 runs and finished his tidy two-wicket spell in immaculate whites, he promised that "we'll get a new coach for next season, and believe me he'll be joined." Days later, Lancashire found the vogue and signed an Australian ex-Test player.

One of the most capable, unselfish servants of the movement has died with his boots on, working for his beliefs and thinking of his beloved county.

**Keith Harper**  
Dick Pickering, trade unionist, born September 22, 1942; died October 10, 1996



Pickering... tireless

Face to Faith

# New age that offers infinite variety of inner truths

**P**AUL HEELAS

**O**F ALL the critics of the new age, Christians are the most vociferous. The Pope has stated, "It is only a new way of practising gnosticism — that attitude of the spirit that, in the name of a profound knowledge of God, results in distorting his word and replacing it with purely human words". Other critics are more extreme, seeing the new age as positively evil, the work of the devil.

It is easy to see why Christian bookshelves contain tract after tract savaging the new age. Christians believe their God to be infinitely greater than anything to which mere mortals can aspire. It is also easy to see why new agers reject much of Christianity. The new age teaches that we are already, in essence, spiritual beings. There is a world of difference between those Christians, valuing tradition, who heed biblical commandments and new agers, valuing

experience, who heed the voice within.

The battles seem to be deeply entrenched. So who is winning the war? We rarely hear of new agers turning to the Christian faith. Conversely, there are many reports of Christians becoming new agers — for example, women who find Christianity irredeemably patriarchal.

Does this suggest that the future of religion in the West lies with the new age? The battle? I doubt it. The new age is not powerful enough. But there has been a move within Christianity towards the kind of spirituality found in new age circles. Using the language of philosopher John Passmore, the shift is from the Augustinian to the Pelagian. Augustinians emphasise the gulf between God and the human; the most extreme renderings state that humanity is fallen and can do nothing — without God's grace — to redeem its lot. In contrast, Pelagians advance a much more optimistic view of human na-

ture as containing a spark of the divine, and thus humans have a role to play in their salvation. The Pelagian, embracing God, is clearly much closer to the new age than the Augustinian, bowing down before God on High.

Christianity is moving "within" and the evidence is clear in the fastest expanding form of Christianity in Britain, the charismatic. Here one encounters themes which are familiar to new agers. One has to surrender to God, giving up all that is selfish and limited (what new agers call the "lower self"). God, in the form of the holy spirit, comes to dwell within; the holy spirit serves to transform the quality of life in much the same way as the inner spirituality of new agers. Greater importance is attached to experiencing God than to heeding biblical commandments (the new age also prioritises experience).

There are, of course, huge differences between charismatics (as traditional Christians)

and new agers (drawing on eastern and Pagan spiritualities), but the question remains why should European Christians prefer to stay back in South Yorkshire, perhaps as a union official. He last attended parliament earlier this year when he had been driven 400 miles by ambulance for a crucial vote: always concerned for MPs' rights, he thought that making such voting demands on sick people was barbaric.

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health, psychotherapeutic practices to handle emotions, and popular science to address the puzzle of the origins of the universe. Champagne and yoga.

This trend is intensifying as ever fewer people are content to commit themselves to any one particular form of life. There are so many more readily available opportunities to explore than there used to be. The bicreoleur is a part-timer, drawing on this and that as circumstances suggest. Identity is not fixed. Life is a series of experiences and experiments, with few enduring commitments — other than to make the most of what the world has to offer.

Bicreoleurs undermine the established religious categorisation by drawing on whatever resources suit their circumstances. Established teachings fragment because they can no longer elicit long-term loyalty; the battles between the new age and Christianity are occasionally set aside as people select items however contradictory to be — as components of the DIY cultures of themselves.

Paul Heelas is reader in religion and modernity at Lancaster University and author of *The New Age Movement*, published by Blackwell.

Weekend Birthdays

**THE** Israeli dissident and political prisoner, Mordechai Vanunu, 42 tomorrow, will spend a more lonely birthday than most. In a tiny cell at Ashkelon prison, south of Tel Aviv, with a hole in the floor doubling as a shower drain and toilet, he has so far lived in solitary confinement for 10 years of the 18-year sentence he received for leaking Israeli nuclear secrets to the Western press (before he was kidnapped by a Mossad honeytrap in Rome, his papers showed that Israel had produced between 100 and 200 nuclear weapons). He gets weekly visits from his brothers (all conversations through a grille) and two hours' daily exercise. Friends are not optimistic about his health — lawyers say he is "surviving" — but he may be cheered at being nominated for this year's Nobel Peace Prize and, later this month, at

being the subject of a conference of dissenting scientists organised by Pugwash veteran Joseph Rotblat. At least, we would expect Vanunu to be cheered, if he is ever allowed to hear about the moves.

**Today's birthdays:** Gill Bridge, managing director, Blackpool Football Club, 39; Lady (Helen) Brook, founder, Brook Advisory Centre for Young People, 89; Ruth Evans, director, National Consumer Council, 39; Kenneth Griffith, actor, writer and documentary film-maker, 76; Magnus Magnusson, quizmaster and writer, 67; Michael Mansfield QC, campaigning barrister, 65; Dr John Mottram, constituent, 65; Luciano Pavarotti, operatic tenor, 61; Angela Ripston, television presenter, 52.

**Tomorrow's other birthdays:** Sir Thomas Bingham, Lord Chief Justice, 63; Edwinna Currie, Conservative MP, 50; Prof Phyllis Deane, economic historian, 78; Sir Denis Forman, former director, Granada TV, British Film Institute, Royal Opera House, 79; Sir Roger Gibbs, chairman, Wellcome Trust, 62; Michael Heath, cartoonist, 61; Nana Mouskouri, Greek singer, 62; Iona Ogilvie, writer and folklorist, 73; Marie

**Obituary notices:** 97; John Regis, athlete, 28; Paul Ström, singer and songwriter, 63; Rosemary Anne Slesson, author and scriptwriter, 73; Baroness Thatcher, OM, former prime minister, 71; Hugo Young, biographer, political writer, 58.

**Death Notices**

**LOVE,** Tom in his 96th year, beloved husband of his wife Joan, beloved father of Christine and Tony, beloved grandpa of Kate, Peter, Suzanne and Jay, beloved brother-in-law of Mrs. Mary's Road, Scarborough, died peacefully in his sleep on October 10, 1996. No flowers. Donations to the United Nations Association, Service for Low Legation, Methodist Church, New Mills at 11.30am on 12.10.96, and St. Andrew's Crematorium at 12.30pm. Enquiries to Allen's Funeral Directors, 01904 225847.

**KAY,** Phyllis, born 28th October 1906, aged 89 years. He leaves his partner of 10 years, Mrs. Thomas, son of George and Maria, and much loved brother of Ernest, Peter, Rita and Robin. A favourite uncle, died peacefully in his sleep. Flowers will continue to celebrate his life. Flowers welcome, condolences accepted. Burial to the Denholm Hill Crematorium. For details contact: Alison Farrell Services Tel 0171 721 1825.

**In Memoriam**

**STOLDS,** Shoshan/Baron (12.09.80 - 13.10.96). Family and friends remember with profound regret the loss of our dear and beloved wife. Burial to the Denholm Hill Crematorium. For details contact: Alison Farrell Services Tel 0171 721 1825.

**WILKINSON,** David (John). Died 12th October 1971, aged 27 years. Most dearly loved husband of Alice, and son of Reg and Phyllis.

**WYLLIE,** please your announcement telephone 0171 721 4227. Fax 0171 718 4128.



Return of the Brixton Battler
Still needed: one miracle

JOHN MAJOR yesterday delivered a conference speech which places the exaggerated claims about the Tories' week in Bournemouth into some much-needed perspective. It was not a good speech. It contained little that was genuinely new. It failed to address several crucial issues. It had an unpleasant undercurrent. And it emphasised how much the Tories now depend upon the leader whom they have spent so long reviling.

This is not to say that Mr Major's speech was a political failure, at least in the short term, for it was not. It set the seal on a week of very serious politics at Bournemouth, in which the Conservatives — like Labour last week at Blackpool — went to immense lengths to ensure a unified conference. The Tories achieved that goal too, in defiance of many predictions, though the achievement was essentially defensive. The Tories are still in a desperate electoral predicament, but Mr Major was at least able to appear before his supporters in a stronger personal position than he has enjoyed since the ERM collapse four years ago.

Yet the Prime Minister delivered a speech which was curiously lacking in content for such a vital occasion. This is the start of the general election campaign, and yesterday's was probably the most important pre-election opportunity — other than next month's Budget — to make a big impact on Labour's solid poll lead. Yet Mr Major failed to speak to the anxieties which have led so many millions of voters at least to contemplate forsaking the Tories. He did not seriously address fears of economic and job insecurity, anxieties about personal safety, the quality of life or the state of the environment. Whole areas of public policy were omitted — like transport, defence, industry, the unions, local government and the arts — while others — the international situation and, more surprisingly, law and order — were only briefly mentioned.

Instead, Mr Major chose to concentrate on a small number of key themes, unified in his mind by the concept of Opportunity for All — his counterpart to Tony Blair's Age of Achievement last week. It is one thing to try to focus the election contest into key areas, but the speech did little justice to what most people feel about most of those that he chose. In each of these areas — health, education, welfare, Europe and the Union — the British people feel let down by the Tories, not grateful to them. There were trenchant passages, nevertheless, on the single currency and, in particular, Northern Ireland, but a speech whose most enthusiastically received passage is an attack on Garry Adams is not one which clearly defines the reasons why people might vote Conservative rather than Labour.

Mr Major clearly believes that he can win the election in spite of his government's record. His speech echoed his plain and unpretentious 1992 election campaign and doubtless prefigures an equally home-spun style in 1997. All politicians now talk about themselves rather than about policies, and Mr Major again gave us the tale of the Brixton Boy with which he believes ordinary voters identify. Evidently, he intends to contrast his own background with that of Mr Blair as often and as ruthlessly as possible between now and the election. But he wins no marks for the sneering tone in which he indiscriminately chides Mr Blair for being middle-class and Mr Prescott for being working-class. Mr Major is pushing it too far. He preaches tolerance for tainted Tory MPs but displays intolerance for the private actions of untainted opponents.

Yet Mr Major has performed another remarkable comeback. For a long time many Conservatives have privately regarded Mr Major as their greatest liability. They think he has led them only to the brink of disaster. And yet looking over the brink, they have clung to him. Today he even appears to them, and probably to himself, to be their chief electoral asset. It is an astonishing turnaround, while it lasts. In place of grand visions — national rebirth or any of the big ideas on which politics was once supposedly contested — we now have the politics of the ordinary chap from south London. Mr Major has had a good week, but now his real challenge begins. If he wins, it will be the most bizarre personal triumph against the odds in British political history.

Truth remains barred
South Africa's justice is still on trial

MAGNUS MALAN and other top generals set up a paramilitary unit to help Inkatha fight the ANC. Documents showed that it was regarded as an "offensive" unit to be used in covert attacks. The 1987 attack at KwaMakutha, which killed 13 innocent friends and relatives of a local ANC leader, was a massacre carried out by such a unit. All this was accepted by Judge Jan Hugo in Durban yesterday. But the judge failed to find proof of express or tacit approval of the operation, which he said was a poorly planned "frolic" by junior officers. Mr Malan walked free and called the outcome a victory for justice. Where does that leave truth and the law in South Africa?

It is one thing to believe that senior ministers under the apartheid regime knew and condoned illegal activities, including death squad operations. In the culture of deniability, it is quite another to prove it. Mr Mandela is right to say that the verdict must be respected: if the case was as strong as it appeared initially, then it was badly mishandled. Separate evidence has emerged of security force complicity in a whole range of crimes including bombings and assassinations. Some of this has been volunteered by the perpetrators in submissions to Archbishop Tutu's Truth and Reconciliation Commission. It may seem inconceivable that General Malan and his colleagues should escape responsibility but that was not the evidence before this court. How then is justice to be done and a proper reckoning made of the past? The commission has proved of double-edged benefit in offering immunity, but the time-limit for doing so expires anyhow in December. The hope must be that many who have not come forward will then be prosecuted, and on stronger evidence. Most white South Africans are more concerned by the current crime wave (once mostly confined to the black communities) than by the official violence of previous years. But the black majority, which suffered so much in the past, has a longer memory. There will be little faith in the judicial system if it cannot bring to justice those who perpetrated such visible atrocities under apartheid. The future as well as the past is at stake.

Letters to the Editor

Last thoughts on Tories

ONCE again the Tories are clamping down on adult entertainment beamed in from a corrupted continent. Not child pornography, mind you, but harmless adult films obtainable only late at night, on subscription, through special decoders. For the Conservatives "No sex please, we're British" is not a joke but a campaign jealously pursued. They tell us it is for the protection of children. The purpose of education is preparation for adult life but not, it seems, in this important field. In practice, it is adults who are censored and told what they can or cannot view in the privacy of their own homes. No public inquiries, just instant draconian measures. Contrast this decisive action with the procrastination over gun control. It seems that children's susceptibility to sex is of more concern than their intellectual ability. Only pathological puritans could get their priorities so hopelessly wrong. Tony Akkermans, 8 Kingswood Gardens, Leeds LS9 2BT.

IF THE Conservative Party before party dogma, it would be negotiating with Europe on vital issues, such as the Common Agriculture Policy, which is more important to taxpayers and farmers of the South-west, instead of the right wing is dictating economic policy in a vain attempt to hang on to their seats. The people of the South-west should be allowed to choose whether to join a single currency or not at either the general election or a referendum and the Government should look after Britain's national interests. But is this too much to expect from a party which trusts its ex-leader more than its Prime Minister. Kevin French, 46 Gloucester Court, Plymouth PL1 6EJ.

THE Government's much trumpeted intention of establishing a road-building trust to sue strikers who disrupt services on London Underground must, in all equity, apply also to London Transport. After all, for several months they have withdrawn the Northern Line services from Moorgate to Elephant and Castle, surely equally justifying legal action. Or is the real intention merely to clobber the public-sector unions? C P Lamb, Vice-President, Public Services, Tax and Commerce Union, 5 Great Suffolk Street, London SE1 0NS.

HAVING so successfully recommissioned on the service of speechwriters at Bournemouth by replacing opportunities for substantial political oratory with question-and-answer sessions, will next year's Conservative Party conference be reduced to a radio phone-in? David Ainley, The Hill, Cromford, Matlock, Derbyshire DE4 3RF.

IT is quite simple really: depriving criminals of their driving licences will cut down on the number of cars on the road. Mr Howard is not the fool some people may think. (Dr) Richard B Herbert, 93 Plantation Gardens, Alwoodley, Leeds, Yorkshire LS17 8ST.

KENNETH Clarke, whom I thought was a decent Tory, compares Gordon Brown's economic plans to that of the figure of Dolly Parton. To which part of the male anatomy does he measure his own policies? I am too prudish to mention any. Ann Evander, 4 Beach Road, Dovercourt, Essex.

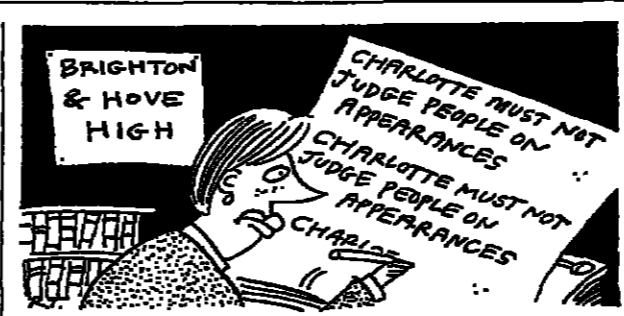
WHILST there is no doubt that the Conservative conference set is adopted from a television game show, the question is from which one it came. It can't be Family Fortunes because, at the time of the last election, a typical family will have paid £2,000 more in tax since 1992. Perhaps with their planned privatisation of the Post Office and Channel 4, Dr Mawhinney had Sale of the Century in mind. More likely, John Major sees it as a Countdown. In the end of days, in North London NW10. With all the jockeying for leadership, the set should best play backdrop to Murder in the Dark. Paul Sheppard, 25 Marquis Road, London NW1 9UD.

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Remembrance of sleet past

VERNON Bogdanov (Put the House in order, October 6) mentioned John Belcher, who was forced to resign in 1948 from government and Parliament for accepting bribes that are tiny by present standards. I was then on the staff of Transport House as secretary of the Labour Party policy committee. I was devastated by it all, and remember a dreary train journey to Dartington Hall in Devon for a trustees' meeting on the day the news broke. I was in a very low, chastened mood. I unburdened myself to Dorothy Elm, the joint founder of the modern Dartington Hall. She said: "What's wrong with you, Michael? You ought to be very proud of what has happened, not ashamed on behalf of your party." Proud? She explained she had been born in American politics as the daughter of William C Whitney, Secretary for the Navy in President Cleveland's cabinet. She had seen political corruption at every level, but could not remember any American politician like Belcher who had ever been forced to resign from Congress for wrongdoing. We British, she said, should be proud of the high standards we enjoyed in our public life, and I should be proud (not miserable) to belong to such a nation. If she were alive now, what would my Dorothy say? Michael Young, Director, Institute of Community Studies, Flat 9, 6 Hopton Road, London SW16 2EQ.

Please include a full postal address and daytime telephone number, even in e-mailed letters. We regret we cannot acknowledge receipt of letters. We will edit them: arguments are more likely to appear for the Navy in President Cleveland's cabinet. She had seen political corruption at every level, but could not remember any American politician like Belcher who had ever been forced to resign from Congress for wrongdoing. We British, she said, should be proud of the high standards we enjoyed in our public life, and I should be proud (not miserable) to belong to such a nation. If she were alive now, what would my Dorothy say? Michael Young, Director, Institute of Community Studies, Flat 9, 6 Hopton Road, London SW16 2EQ.



Charlotte, a word in private

GOOD to know that Charlotte Raven's education at the hands of the Girls' Public Day School Trust convinced her that "women can do this" (Women, October 7); she is certainly a good example. She is, however, quite wrong in supposing that the Women of the Year lunch is "the kind of thing my old headmistress would have loved". About 1987, as a young civil servant, long before I went into teaching and had the privilege and challenge of Charlotte as a pupil, I was invited to one of the first Women of the Year lunches. I refused because, as Charlotte says, real achievement seemed likely to be confused with much more superficial claims to fame. Since I was already comfortably launched in the predominantly male but tolerant world of Whitehall, the idea of an elaborate "all girls together" social event was somehow off-putting. Bridget Wells, (Headmistress, Brighton & Hove High School, 1992-94), Cherry Tree, Bradford Road, Lewes, East Sussex BN7 1RD.

... And new thoughts for Labour

ANOTHER MANIFESTO

Last Monday, on the Comment Page, we launched Another Manifesto, a series designed to inject constructive ideas into political debate. Nearer the election, a panel will judge those ideas which most deserve to be taken up by our political leaders. We also invited your responses: this week, to the proposal for a carbon tax.

YOU are quite right to advocate a carbon tax, for environmental, economic and social reasons. You are also accurate in stating that it will not feature in the Conservative or Labour election manifestos; but you could have added that it will be incorporated in the Liberal Democrat platform. Both the attacks on the carbon tax can be countered. On pushing up costs to the poor, the basic problem is not the price of fuel, but the appallingly low standards of house insulation of the homes that low-income households tend to live in. If a portion of the tax revenue is used to provide free insulation, we can reduce pollution and fuel poverty and boost employment. On pushing up costs to industry, there is no evidence to suggest that economies with high energy prices (eg Germany's and Japan's) suffer at all — because they are far more efficient in using energy. If the carbon tax is phased in gradually, and partly used to reduce other taxes (such as employers' NICs, the tax on jobs), industry will gain from making energy-efficient investments. Duncan Brack, Flat 9, 6 Hopton Road, London SW16 2EQ.

SINCE the biggest pollutant would pass the cost on to their customers, such a tax would be unproductive and inflationary. Instead, the following energy-saving measures should be taken: Amazed building regulations to make it obligatory to conform to the highest energy-saving standards. Take drastic traffic-calming measures in conurbations. Subsidise research into electric vehicle propulsion and installing recharging facilities in large conurbations. Subsidise research and trials of tidal and wave generation of electricity. Give adequate grants to those willing to upgrade the

energy-saving standards of existing buildings. All these measures would create work, improve health and, in the long-term, probably pay for themselves. R P A Edwards, 14 Long Street, Grantham, Lincs NG31 8LN.

WHY is it that whenever people talk about reducing pollution the first thing they think of is taxing the end user? You demand a carbon tax, others target car users specifically by demanding a tax on diesel and petrol. The people these proposals affect most are not the high-mileage, big-car-driving executives, but those living in rural areas whose options for public transport are extremely limited. In my village, the buses pass through infrequently and teaching and had the privilege and challenge of Charlotte as a pupil, I was invited to one of the first Women of the Year lunches. I refused because, as Charlotte says, real achievement seemed likely to be confused with much more superficial claims to fame. Since I was already comfortably launched in the predominantly male but tolerant world of Whitehall, the idea of an elaborate "all girls together" social event was somehow off-putting. Bridget Wells, (Headmistress, Brighton & Hove High School, 1992-94), Cherry Tree, Bradford Road, Lewes, East Sussex BN7 1RD.

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THE carbon tax is a non-starter: it will just push up costs without saving energy. My wife and I are pensioners who are fed up with these back-door taxes. We pay no income tax, so any tax cut makes us poorer — as we have to pay for it out of our pensions through the increase in back-door taxes such as that on fuel. I would heavily tax the 0800 numbers which have invaded our lives (including the Guardian's record answer-line) and have become a licence to print money. E Collinge, 17 Campbell Street, Padstow, Burnley, Lancs BB12 6NL.

THERE is a more equitable method of reducing emissions. All energy users would have an annual rating of X units, charged at the normal rate plus VAT. Above this rating, the unit cost would be the same but VAT would be increased by up to 50 per cent. Suppliers would submit to sell as much as possible — so their corporation tax could be increased for each unit supplied above the rating. James Moran, 107 West Dean, Chichester, Sussex PO18 0GX.

Please send brief proposals and responses to: Another Manifesto, The Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER (fax 0171 837 4530; e-mail manifesto@guardian.co.uk)

Let's hear it for Schoenberg, the master of toe-tapping tunes.

THERE is such a confusion of nonsense in Sir James Beaumont's letter (October 10) about the nature of music that one wonders how he dares accuse Schoenberg, of all people, of illogicality. "One cannot write atonal music using a tonal scale," he says. Oh yes, one can; had composers done it all the time. "One cannot ask our hearing mechanism to abandon that which is 'inherent' in the natural harmonies of instruments is not, as he seems to think, triadic tonal harmony, but a far richer, more complex phenomenon, which becomes even more complex when instrumental noises (each with its own content of harmonics) combine with each other in chords. It is that complexity which Schoenberg was the first to tap beyond the confines of triadic harmony, and with consummate mastery. Timothy Beard, 25 York Avenue, Hove, Sussex BN3 1PJ.

BOTH Professor Beaumont and Keith Burstein (Provocations, October 5) are disingenuous in claiming that the laws of physics rule out atonal music. As they must know, the notes of the modern Western-tempered scale, as used since Bach, and as found in the sound of the piano, are not related to each other in the simple way suggested by their

Fact, fiction and flu

INJECTING a few facts into the flu vaccination correspondence (Letters, October 10) would be a good idea. Fact one: How many people realise that every single vaccination consists not only of disease germs, live or killed to stimulate production of antibodies, but also of formaldehyde, aluminium phosphate and thiomersal (mercury compound) in various concentrations, none of which should ever be injected into human beings for health reasons.

Fact two: Everybody believes that smallpox has been eradicated by vaccination, but it hasn't. Why not? When first introduced, its validity was supposed to last a lifetime. When people still got smallpox after vaccination, the validity was declared to be seven years, then further reduced to the current figure of three years.

Fact three: The Post Office used to recommend vaccination against flu to their employees, but abandoned this on discovering that it made no difference to their attendance records.

Fact four: Scarlet fever was once a worse killer of children than smallpox, yet this has disappeared without any vaccination at all.

Fact five: All infectious diseases declined by around 90 per cent before mass immunisation was introduced. The registrar-general's figures, turned into graphs, make this abundantly clear. Better hygiene was the reason.

Fact six: The medical profession is generously paid to encourage 90 per cent acceptance of vaccination, regardless of any arguments against its effectiveness. How can they remain unprejudiced? Ian Stirling, 32 Powis Gardens, London NW11 8EH.

A Country Diary

NANT PERIS. This month marks the centenary of Ann Owen's death, wife of Harry Owen of Pen-y-Gwryd. The Owens had taken over this most famous of British mountain huts in 1847 and remained there for the rest of their lives. Their early days were described by Charles Kingsley in Two Years Ago (pub 1887) — old Mrs Pritchard (Ann's mother) "putting the last touch to one of those miraculous souffles, compact of clouds and nectar" which were said to transport the eaters from Snowdon to Belgrave Square "at the first mouthful. Handsome Ann Owen "bustling out with a supper tray" ran full against a visitor "and uttered a Welsh scream."

Those were the days; when the clientele was a mixture of shepherds, valley carters and scholar mountaineers, who had discovered the high mountains — men like

Charles Edward Matthews, C T Dent and Frederick Mowhead of Winchester. The Owens made the best of their growing trade as railways brought mountain lovers to Llanberis and Betws-y-Coed. Harry was buried at Beddgelert in 1891. Ann joined him in 1895 and the date of her death is often taken as marking the end of Snowdonia's early mountaineering history. The other day we looked at the mellow inn from the far side of Llyn Lockwood; it was girt still with those old, familiar trees, now being guided by the first thin frosts. Far off behind that golden grove, the stony flank of Gwyler Fawr in the blue shadow of a passing cloud. In Owen's time, of course, there was no lake here to reflect these passing clouds, only a squelch-bog where crooked sheep were plagued by midge hordes on still, summer evenings. ROGER REDFERN

Don't ask, you heard it first in the US of A



Mark Lawson

IT IS the tragedy of certain politicians to have been ahead of their time: ruined by actions or policies which later became commonplace. Such a man is Senator Joseph Biden. In 1988, he was urged to abandon his bid for the US presidency because it was discovered that his stump speech included phrases strikingly close to those used by Neil Kinnock in the previous year's British election. Where the English politician had memorably declared himself the "first Kinnock in a thousand Kinnocks" to attend university, the American one announced himself to be the first Biden in the same timescale to have been educated at the highest level. This alleged plagiarism shattered his ambitions. We can only hope, for the

sake of his blood pressure, that Mr Biden does not follow British political rhetoric as closely now as he apparently did then. Earlier this week in Bournemouth, the Conservative Party Chairman, Dr Brian Mawhinney, attempted to demolish Tony Blair's rhetorical claims to the mantle of Margaret Thatcher. "I know Margaret Thatcher," boomed Mawhinney. "Margaret Thatcher is a friend of mine. And, Mr Blair, you're no Margaret Thatcher."

This was a clear steal of Senator Biden's put-down of Dan Quayle's comparison of himself with John F Kennedy in the 1988 vice-presidential debate. How, then, did Dr Mawhinney survive, when Biden fell? The Tory chairman might argue that his text-theft was not plagiarism, but parody, although it could only work as such for British voters familiar with the minutiae of American politics. However, if the Biden standard was to be imposed, Mawhinney would not be throwing a leavening party alone. The pervasiveness of John Major's keynote speech yesterday morning — in which he talked about going out to campaign "in the towns and streets where you

are, in market squares and city centres where you are, in the North and South and East and West where you are" — was essentially a restrap job on a geographic passage used several times by Bob Dole this summer. Indeed, Britain's seaside resorts this autumn have resounded with American echoes. Major's reference to his "contract" with the British people sounded borrowed from Newt Gingrich, just as Tony Blair's "covenant" with the electorate, promised last week, was apparently a quiet burglary from Bill Clinton's word-book. When Blair this year included, in his Blackpool speech, a section about his father's personal sufferings, he was variously accused of copying John Major — who has used a tragic-dad passage in each conference speech since 1994 (including yesterday's) — or Bob Dole, who also generally includes a paternal theology. In fact, it is Bill Clinton who holds the modern copyright on this rhetoric, having rawly presented himself to a first nominating convention in 1982 as tragic orphan and suffering stepson. Similarly, the whole tone of Blair's speeches

quite new to British politics — seems heavily influenced by the current president. Perhaps some of this is a matter of simultaneous rhetorical inspiration. Yet, beyond mere words, the plagiarism — or parody — of American presentational techniques is routine. John Major's shirt-sleeved walk-about which caused such a stir on Wednesday, is a version of a format frequently employed by Clinton in 1992: a TV-producer friend had taught him the visual novelty value of "breaking the frame" of the standard static yapping shot of politicians.

Clinton and Gore routinely campaigned jacketless four years ago in an attempt to look casual beside the stiff and (literally and metaphorically) buttoned-up President Bush. Dole's aides this summer have fought to force him on occasion into sports coats. It is a measure of the stultifying grip of masculininity and tradition on politics that for a leader to remove his jacket in public should be considered such an explosive act. "Stealing our clothes" is the favourite political metaphor for imitation by another party. How long now before John Major

finds that Tony Blair has stolen his shirt-sleeves? The main reason for this spate of larceny is that America is seen as the cradle of political campaigning, much as it is viewed as the natural home of cinema and hamburger. After decades of using a Last Supper format for their leader's speeches — with the top man rising at the middle or end of a long table — both Labour and Tories now isolate the leader presiding on stage. My guess is that it will not be very long before one of the British parties attempts to reschedule its conference to the evening, as the Americans do, in the hope of a peak-time television audience for the leader's speech.

The extent of the embezzlement from Bill Clinton is a mark of his growing reputation as a master of the art of electoral politics, a man who is probably about to become the first Democrat for 50 years to be re-elected. He is the most influential campaigner since Reagan.

Yet this parody and plagiarism is inseparable from a wider political culture of appropriation. Nicking of policies is now a daily occurrence. Politics has become an ideological swap-shop.

Advertisement for Martin Woollacott featuring a portrait and the text 'German the sym' and 'Commentary Martin Woollacott'.



# Germans teach us the symbol truth

**Commentary**  
**Martin Woollacott**

**A**DMIRAL Lord Bessford, presiding over a dinner at the Savoy during the first world war, noticed towards the end of the meal that his plate was of German manufacture. "We have actually been dining off German plates," he announced. According to the report in the Daily News, "A succession of crashes followed, a number of guests hurling their plates to the floor."

...pencils to the shop after discovering on them the dread words "Made in Germany". Some experts on Anglo-German relations meeting recently in Berlin came to the conclusion, a little fancifully, that relations are almost as bad now as they were in those days. It would certainly have to be agreed that they are not brilliant.

In the month when Helmut Kohl celebrates both the unification of Germany and the fact that he has become the longest-serving post-war chancellor, this is not entirely surprising. The British are in a state of dismay over Europe which, far from offering them the "options" which Malcolm Rifkind talked about at this week's Conservative Party conference, often seems to lay before us, instead, only a choice between different degrees of doing badly.

...have, but about the old rivalry between national economics and about how the first affects the latter, and vice versa. It is, in other words, still partly about plates and propelling pencils. It is certainly arguable that Britain's fears about the future of her economy are an underlying cause of our ambivalence about monetary union. We pin to the institutional and technical change all our worries about competition and not holding our own.

...looks to the central government to get it off the hook with Brussels, which, after some concessions, it appears to have done.

...cal revision of the German welfare state.

# Rump stakes are off



Martin Kettle

**T**HERE is a common belief on the left that the Conservatives will split if they lose the next general election. Much of Labour's determination that it can govern for two or three terms if it wins next spring is based upon this assumption. And there are even those in the Tory Party itself who are prepared to believe in it too.

...and as personal (tariff reform is the classic example) as those which infect it today.



PHOTOMONTAGE: ELIZABETH COLLEWELL

# Ghouls' paradise

The Wests' house was razed this week to thwart souvenir grabbers. **Duncan Campbell** sees a double standard in our voyeuristic attitude to crime

**D**URING the trial of Rosemary West at Winchester almost exactly a year ago, the jury indicated that they would like to visit number 25 Cromwell Street, where many of the bodies had been buried and where many of the murders may have taken place. The judge agreed that the media were entitled to attend, too, but, because there were 80 or 70 journalists present on every day, it would clearly be impossible for all to visit. We put our names in a metaphorical hat and a representative of the Lord Chancellor's Department carried out the draw in the sweaty and over-crowded press room that was our home for eight weeks. The Guardian "won" the ballot for the national press.

...wrote our pooled accounts and rejoined our colleagues.

...ken — and sometimes spoken — thought: who are these ghouls who gawp at the house, who seek souvenirs from the rubble? Why are we so fascinated by the evil deeds of others? Does it say something dark about us?

...where thousands were slaughtered. The places where tortures and executions took place in London are now on sight-seeing tours.

...ector was about to embark on the film of the Wests, what would our reaction be? Dislike, probably. The events are still too clear in the minds of the relatives and friends of the victims.

...strange depravity of the young men.

## Neighbours are weary of tourists who take photos of themselves at the House of Horror

...that no one else will be able to walk through its rooms?

## There is a notion that it is acceptable to read about crime in a book but not to watch it in a film

...in the back stalls, should only readers be allowed to indulge their interest in crime?

## It became like Kim's Game: how much could you remember, what was the right number of steps to the first floor, was the mural in the room with the bar of a Hawaiian or Caribbean scene, were the walls cream or white? We

...It became like Kim's Game: how much could you remember, what was the right number of steps to the first floor, was the mural in the room with the bar of a Hawaiian or Caribbean scene, were the walls cream or white? We

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**India** changes you

**IN THIS WEEK'S ESSAYIST, Duncan Campbell, is the Guardian's crime correspondent. He is author of The Underworld, a revised and updated edition of which is published by Penguin this month.**

**Landing slots**

Airport	Airline	Percentage of landing/take off slots by national airline
Frankfurt	Lufthansa	60%
Copenhagen	SAS	56%
Brussels	Sabena	56%
Vienna	Austrian Airlines	43%
Amsterdam	KLM	39%
Zurich	Swissair	37%
Heathrow	BA	36%

**Operations**

Airline	Number of operations by national airline	Total number of operations
Lufthansa	11,137	18,499
SAS	6,761	11,688
Sabena	5,918	10,611
Austrian Airlines	3,299	7,602
KLM	5,443	13,815
Swissair	3,796	10,254
BA	6,309	18,779

# BA prepares to fight the grandfather of all air battles

Small airlines accuse large rivals of hogging runways, but truth is more complicated, **KEITH HARPER** finds

**C**OMPPELLING evidence from the main European airports reveals that British Airways is being unfairly accused of holding a dominant position at Heathrow by deliberately squeezing out its competitors, who would like a toehold at the world's busiest airport.

If you are the national carrier, you tend to get preferential treatment in your own country. Figures from the latest twice-yearly cattle market in slots, the huge fixing cartel hosted by the International Air Transport Association, show that BA holds 36 per cent of the Heathrow slots (a time during the day when an aircraft is allowed to take off or land), which compares favourably with many other European capitals' airlines.

Its nearest rivals are Swissair at Zurich with 37 per cent, and KLM at Amsterdam with 39 per cent. The gap widens at Vienna, where Austrian Airlines own 43 per cent, Sabena has 56 per cent at Brussels, and Lufthansa has 60 per cent at Frankfurt.

The busier the airport, the more intense the jockeying for space. Carriers fight for peak time slots, particularly to satisfy the demands of business interests on shorter haul flights.

Mr Kinnock is likely to conclude that an auction would favour the larger airlines at the expense of the independent carriers, but that will not prevent him from examining whether smaller airlines would need to be protected if buying and selling slots was legalised.

Indeed, Bob Ayling, BA's chief executive, has suggested that buying slots is a good idea, particularly at Heathrow, where the Americans are clamouring for access.

When American Airlines, BA's proposed new partner, took over TWA's Heathrow routes in 1991, it paid more than £300 million.

**A**IRLINE executives concede that slots frequently change hands for a considerable amount of money. A London aviation lawyer has been quoted as saying that one pair of peak-hour Heathrow slots sold for £600 million.

"Everyone in the industry agrees that it happens, but the process and the sums are shrouded in secrecy. You don't advertise slots up for sale in Exchange and Mart," declared an insider.

Mr Kinnock will be closely monitoring the outcome of the British Government's review of Heathrow access. Right now, Ian Lang, the trade and industry secretary, is studying a report from the Office of Fair Trading, which attempts to quell the storm that has erupted in the airline industry over the proposed BA alliance with American Airlines. To assuage the anger of other competitors, mainly American, who feel threatened, and rivals like Richard Branson, whose Virgin Atlantic controls 16 per cent of Heathrow's slots, the OFT is expected to tell Mr Lang that a fairer division of slots will have to take place. If it does not, then the deal could collapse.

The French, like the British, have been fiercely keeping other carriers at arm's length at Charles de Gaulle and Orly airports.

But the collapse of the troubled French airline, Air Liberté, has given BA a sudden opportunity. It is in talks to buy the airline which would double the size of its French operation and give it more slots at Orly.

If open skies are to be the order of the day in Europe and America, the politicians still have to recognise the inevitability of hard commercial expediency.

Alitalia, the struggling Italian state airline, has been accused of using its dominant position to damage rivals.

The allegations came to light during an inquiry by the Italian competition authorities, which started in February. The sentence is expected by November 11 and could result in a 300 million lire (£43 million) fine. Alitalia, which has lost significant market share since competition was introduced, has denied the accusations.

# Workaholic new premier seeks to kill off Zorba

Helena Smith in Athens

**A**T the stroke of midnight tonight, Greece, the European Union's poorest member, will enter a new era. That era will be one that will make Zorba the Greek and the happy-go-lucky workaholic of his fun-loving compatriots a distant memory.

Mediterranean work ethics will be replaced by austere, Protestant ones as Athens attempts to clamber on the highway that will lead it inexorably to full participation in European economic and monetary union.

Or so says Prime Minister Costas Simitis, the socialist leader whose re-election for a first, full, four-year term promises some of the biggest economic and social changes the country has ever seen.

At midnight, the German-trained university professor, who replaced the late Andreas Papandreu before his crushing defeat in early elections last month, will receive the vote of confidence his government constitutionally requires.

If the 60-year-old Mr Simitis has his way, the vote will usher in a "new Greece" with changes that have not been seen since the restoration of democracy in 1974.

"In the next four years we must lay the foundations of a strong and contemporary Greece and a Greece of growth and prosperity," he said, presenting his government's programme to parliament on Thursday at the start of a three-day debate.

"Winning its equal place in the European Union is the single biggest challenge Greece has faced in the post-war period."

Like its southern European partners, Greece lives in fear of being marginalised by failing to meet the convergence criteria laid out in the Maastricht treaty.

After years of free-spending and rampant tax evasion, the state's coffers are now blighted by mammoth budget deficits. A booming black economy — estimated at as much as 50 per cent of all economic activity — and rampant tax evasion have served to exacerbate its fiscal woes.

Interest on state debts is now higher than the sum the government allocates to education, health, social welfare and culture.

But as with Spain, Italy and Portugal, Mr Simitis, a technocrat par excellence, is determined that Greece will join the EMU by the year 2000.

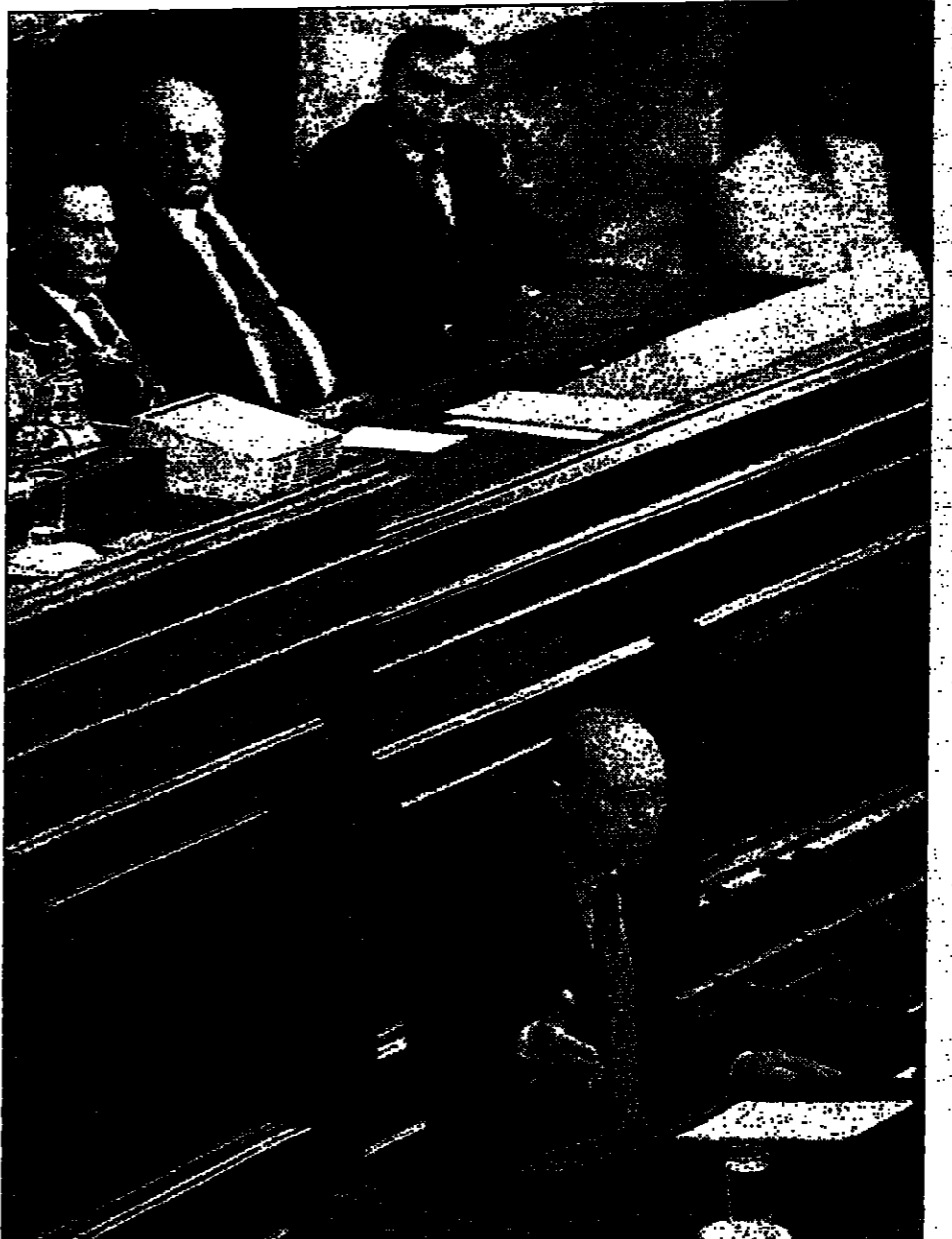
Officials say they hope to rake in an extra 8,554 billion drachmas (£36 billion) with improved tax collection, cuts in state spending and a merciless clampdown on tax relief.

"Fiscal reform is the basic prerequisite for our participation in Europe... if Labour wins the election in Britain, the drive for monetary union will undoubtedly intensify," the prime minister told parliament.

"Next year will be absolutely crucial in determining whether we will meet the criteria of convergence."

The policies Mr Simitis plans to enforce in his bid to make Greece less of an impoverished Balkan country and more of a mainstream European one have been described as nothing short of revolutionary.

Streamlining Greece's



Party's over... Simitis explains economic reality to his MPs

bloated state sector — where almost a third of the workforce are employed — modernising its bureaucracy, expediting major infrastructure works and promoting its commercial role, top his agenda.

With his comfortable parliamentary majority, Mr Simitis says he will affect the changes despite the "political cost". The Greeks are experiencing their 11th year of economic austerity and a strong, left wing opposition ensures that protests will be strong.

"Greece will not be like Sisyphus," Mr Simitis said, referring to the ancient king of Corinth who, condemned to roll a huge stone uphill, always saw it roll down again. "The marginalisation of Greece in the European Union would have catastrophic economic and social consequences."

Few doubt that, although diffident and professional in manner, the workaholic prime minister will not forge ahead with his modernising programme. Since replacing Mr Papandreu in January, Mr Simitis has resolutely shunned the populist harangues and maverick ways of his predecessor to bring a new style of government to the country.

"Unlike Papandreu, he may be dull and singularly uncharismatic, but that is what Greece needs," says Thanos Veremis, who heads a farm policy think-tank in Athens. "With his young, western-educated cabinet, he marks the beginning of a new era in Greece."

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# Prosecutors take gloves off in 'clean hands' fight

**JOHN GLOVER** reports on the rebirth of Italy's anti-sleaze campaign as big corporations come under spotlight

**I**TALY'S anti-corruption campaign is not as dead as racketeers might have hoped. The glory days of the "Mani Pulite" (Clean Hands) investigation that ripped through corporate and political Italy in 1992-93, leaving in its wake crowds of senior managers and politicians languishing in jail, seemed to have ended in 1994.

But this week arrest warrants went out for five former managers of Gemina, a Milan-based holding company whose main shareholder is Fiat, in whose books huge, unexplained holes appeared last year.

Ongoing investigations into Olivetti and the state railway, Ferrovie dello Stato, two of the country's largest enterprises, have brought evidence of dirty hands on the executive tiller.

The biggest, widest-reaching investigation is that into the murky goings-on at the FS railways. It began last month with the arrest of Lorenzo Necci, the company's managing director and one of Italy's best-known managers, on corruption charges.

Mr Necci was swiftly followed into jail by Francesco Pacini Battaglia, a Swiss-based banker who had featured in an earlier corruption case involving the state energy concern, ENI, but had escaped arrest; and by other Necci cronies.

**A**S MANAGING director of the FS, Mr Necci would have controlled the 90 trillion lire (£40 billion) the government plans to spend on building a high-speed railway network.

Transcripts of tapped telephone conversations between the banker and his contacts have since appeared.

What was said gives the strong impression that Pacini Battaglia and his clique were, to some extent, able to control who got which senior state job.

The whole affair has since broadened and political reputations are under threat, including that of Antonio Di Pietro, the man who led the Mani Pulite investigation and is now minister of public works.

While the state sector has offered the spectacle of obscure intrigues involving huge sums of public money, the private sector has fared little better.

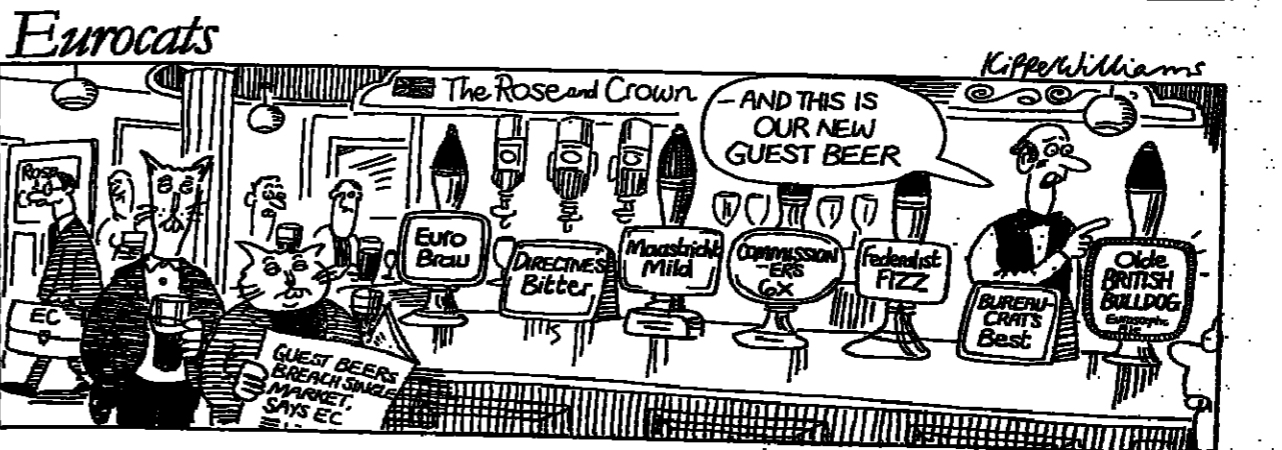
Olivetti's books, and the managers who signed them, are under investigation by magistrates and regulators. Regulators are also looking into whether foreign institutions broke reporting rules on their trades in the company's shares.

Meanwhile, magistrates think that Gemina and some of its operating companies were used as "instrumental finance to Gemina clients (and) to hide sizeable resources for the illicit enrichment of disloyal managers."

The investigation threatens to bring in senior corporate personalities, including that of Cesare Romiti, president of Fiat.

## Update

- Giorgio Fossa, president of the Italian business association, Confindustria, said that if the lira re-entered the European exchange rate mechanism at its present level it would "bring Italy to its knees". He said the lira's just value would be 1,000 or 1,100 to the German mark. Yesterday it was trading at 936.50 to the mark.
- This year's French GDP is likely to grow by 1.2 per cent, according to Insee, the statistics office, which has identified a 0.4 per cent decline in the second quarter. French inflation is running at 1.6 per cent, compared with 1.8 per cent in west Germany. — Bloomberg.
- The Spanish unemployment rate rose to 13.82 per cent in September from 13.50 per cent in August as the end of the tourist season led to an increase in joblessness, the labour ministry said. — Bloomberg.
- Hoechst has expanded its presence in Russia by forming two new companies, for industrial chemicals and pharmaceuticals. Hoechst expects sales worth £250 million in the CIS this year, of which £166 million will be achieved in Russia. European Business is edited by Mark Miller.



Eight bosses £14m and pe

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Is the Pope Catholic? Not when he played foot

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The Obser

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02/10/96

# Eight bank bosses get £14m in pay and perks

## Anger over City rewards is reignited by Close Brothers

Sarah Whitebloom

THE storm over City pay packages was fuelled last night with the disclosure that eight directors of Close Brothers, the small, independent merchant bank, have this year scooped pay and perks of over £14 million. More than £8 million was shared by three of the firm's top executives.

The packages, on the scale of lottery jackpot prizes, are detailed in the company's annual report. They are certain to stoke concerns over the enormous payments handed out in the financial sector.

The disclosure over the Close perks bonanza came just 24 hours after it emerged that NatWest gave £2 million "golden handouts" to 120 investment bankers while BZW admitted it is giving £5.8 million over two years to its new chief executive, Bill Harrison.

It is understood that the Bank of England is now making known its concern at the excessive rewards. The Bank's fears are thought to centre on the possibility that City professionals may undertake wildly risky strategies — which could undermine their institutions — in order to secure the enormous performance payments.

Close Brothers' annual report shows that in the year to the end of July, the firm's eight executive directors received pay, annual bonuses and pension contributions of £3.4 million. In addition, they are due to share long-term

performance-related emoluments of £2.5 million. In addition, six of the directors shared more than £8 million after cashing in share options.

Peter Stone, Close's solicitor, emerged at the top of the firm's remuneration league with a cool £2.86 million, including share option profits of over £2.43 million. Corporate financier Peter Winkworth received £2.68 million, including a share option windfall of £2.22 million. Roderick Kent, the firm's managing director, raked in £2.6 million, including £2.07 million from share options.

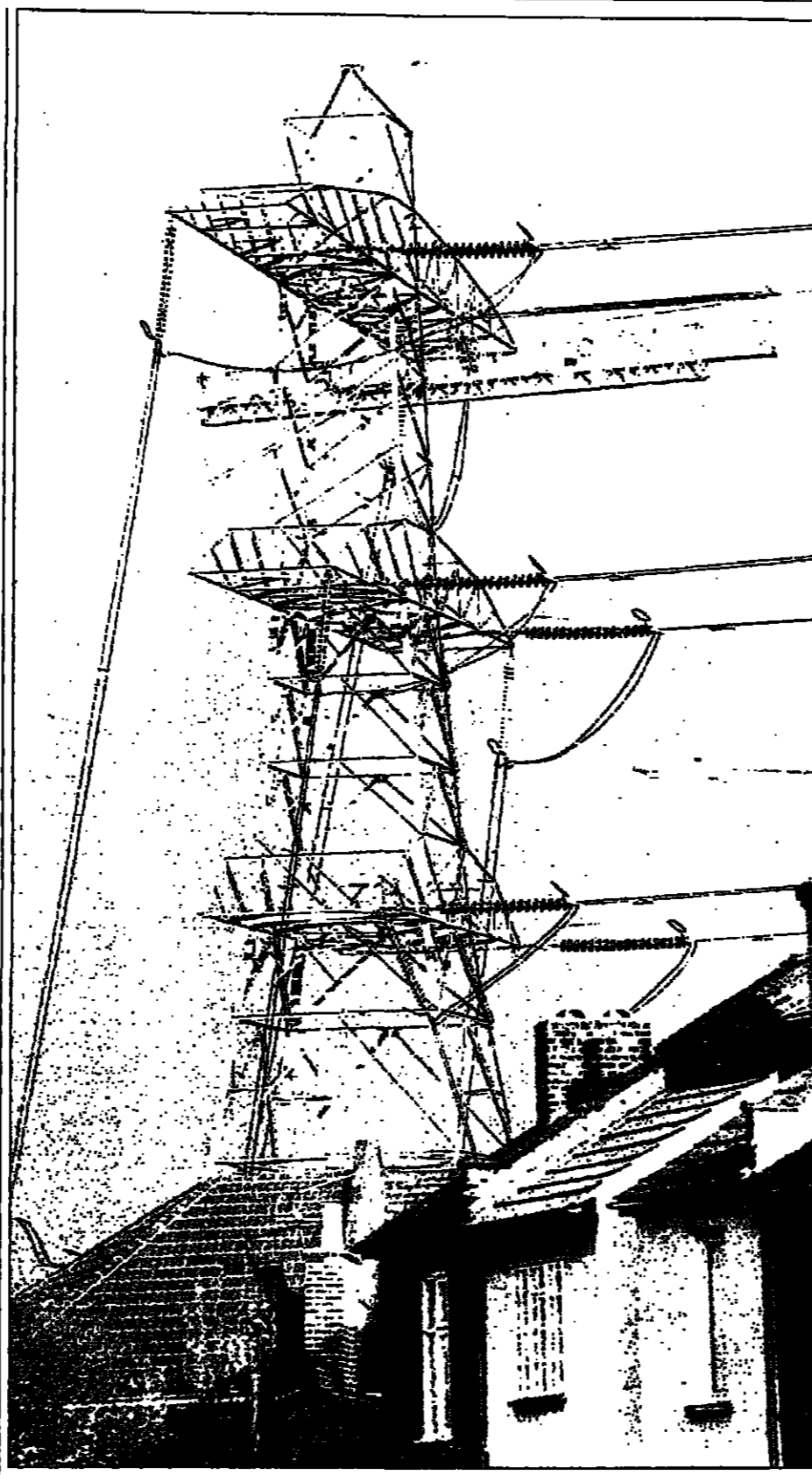
By contrast, Brian Winterhood, head of the firm's market-making arm, Winterhood Securities, was well down Close's pay and perks list, with a "modest" £842,000 — including £369,000 in pension contributions.

Close Brothers' directors may be in the big pay league but the firm is not in the City's first division, which is now dominated by huge, often foreign-owned institutions.

Close's pre-tax profits for the period were £45 million — an increase of about 33 per cent. But this compares with £157 million profit recorded by BZW in June — for just six months of the year.

Bifu, the banking union, yesterday described the NatWest golden handouts deal as an "insult" to 20,000 staff whom the bank has already made redundant and the thousands more who are set to lose their jobs over the next few years.

Rory Murphy, general secretary of NatWest's staff association, said: "Huge sums being paid to keep a few so-called important staff in positions is a real slap in the face. Let's face it, it's the profits that the staff generate, through their hard work... that is providing the finance for those chosen few."



Looming large... Researchers claim to be on the verge of establishing a link between the presence of electricity systems and cancer

# Cancer cases 'war chest'

Chris Barrie  
Business Correspondent

THE electricity industry is set up a fighting fund to contest court cases expected in the wake of research linking cancer to a wide range of electrical systems.

As it emerged that power companies are starting an £8 million war chest, a leading academic forecast that balance would soon tilt in favour of plaintiffs claiming that they, or their children, had developed cancer because of exposure to electro-magnetic fields.

Professor Denis Henshaw of Bristol University's physics department said: "The science is moving at such speed that we are getting close to someone bringing a court case which would be viable."

Last February, Prof Henshaw and colleagues published research demonstrating an indirect link between EMF and cancers.

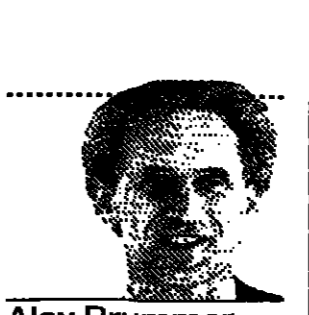
Rather than seek a direct link, by exposing cells to EMF, Prof Henshaw showed that carcinogens are attracted to electro-magnetic fields and then ingested by people living near power lines or in houses exposed to the fields. Prof Henshaw's paper appears to provide a causal link between electricity and cancer. So far the only connection has been from epidemiology.

The insurance broker Willis Corroon was first to be advised by South Western Electricity, the National Grid, London Electricity and others to set up a Guernsey-based fund to pay court costs.

Lawyer Martin Day, representing families in cases pending against Norwich, the Grid, Eastern Group and Northern Electric, said the companies' £8 million fund was "massively more" than his clients' legal aid.

## Saturday Notebook

# An ill-wind from soaraway pound



Alex Brummer

THE foreign exchanges have chosen to ignore the green budget warnings by the Institute for Fiscal Studies and Goldman Sachs about the potential dangers of tax cuts and are continuing to pile into sterling.

They were apparently impressed by the reception received by Kenneth Clarke and John Major at the Tory Party Conference, even though the best this duo could come up with was to trot out the hardy annuals of the universal 20p in the pound tax rate and abolition of inheritance and capital gains taxes.

All of which seems over-ambitious, given the recognised need, in the green budget and by the International Monetary Fund, to deal with the level of UK borrowing.

But one doesn't necessarily look to the currency markets for sound political judgment. At present sentiment is running strongly in favour of sterling, which reached a 21-month high of 1.21 against the German mark and 1.5753 against the dollar. Certainly, for those — like Mr Major — who have in the not so distant past seen sterling as a virility symbol for the economy, the new strength will be seen as laudable.

It will also, for the moment, obviate the need for a base rate rise, since a stronger pound acts as a barrier against rising prices.

There is no shortage of reasons explaining the pound's current strength. It is forgotten sometimes that sterling is a petro-currency, so the recent increase in oil prices which, at \$30.71 a barrel, was 28 per cent higher in the third quarter of this year than a year ago, may well be a factor. Market experts have referred also to the proposed large inward investment by BMW in Rover. The far better and medium-term explanation is the likely relationship of Britain to the European Monetary Union.

Among the prime candidates to be part of the euro, Britain is in the unusual position of being a potential "in" that prefers to remain "out", whereas such countries as Italy and Spain are, on economic and convergence grounds, probable "outs" that would like to be "in".

Thus the pound is a relatively high-yielding currency, with the Government and Opposition promising fiscal restraint, which will not be part of the hard currency course.

It is a much more attractive proposition than other high-yielding currencies and, in addition, has a strong trade and investment link with the dollar, which is now on a firmer course.

There is, however, no room for complacency about any of this. First, if the next Government did decide, after looking at the economic factors, that the UK should be in the first wave after monetary union, there would be a high risk that the upward surge in the pound would take Britain in at an unsustainable exchange rate. This would repeat Mr Major's error with the exchange rate mechanism.

Second, even if the UK were outside, a hard sterling rate which kept pace with the euro would render British exports

uncompetitive, crushing overseas demand and growth. Sterling drama has been a *leitmotif* for post-war British governments: the situation in 1997 will be no different.

## Pay football

THE surge in the shares of Manchester United is a reflection of a more mature approach to football clubs with public quotes. Until recently clubs were regarded as the personal fiefdoms of publicity-seeking businessmen and being a shareholder under such circumstances was only for the most enthusiastic supporter.

The United experience has demonstrated that a football club can be exploited as a brand like any other, in much the same way as Richard Branson has moved Virgin from the music business to an airline, retailing and financial services. Tottenham Hotspur has shown that brand exploitation is an excellent stream of income: its sponsorship revenues climbed by 55 per cent and merchandising by 37 per cent in the last financial year.

But the real way to look at football clubs is as part of the leisure industry. It is no coincidence that the bid interest which has helped to push up United's shares comes from that sector: with such media and catering groups as Granada and Whitbread the most mentioned names, Whitbread has already effectively recognised the importance of leisure brands and concept with its absorption and expansion of the David Lloyd sports clubs nationwide.

None of this is very new. Across the Atlantic, such top baseball franchises as the New York Yankees and Baltimore Orioles have developed into enormous businesses.

Satellite and cable television, in the shape of Rupert Murdoch's BSkyB, has transformed the economics of the Premiership. But the arrival of pay-per-view television could pose a serious threat to BSkyB's base. If, for instance, Granada and/or Michael Grade were to be successful in obtaining control of United or one of the UK's other top franchises, they could eventually break away from the Premiership deal and cast in their lot with an alternative channel. It is estimated that top-ranking Premiership clubs — with worldwide distribution — could command fees in billions.

Plainly, United is in the best position to exploit this. But no one should discount the prospects for other clubs which have chosen the public route: Spurs may be struggling, but it has a great name. Chelsea may still have boardroom problems, but it will eventually resolve them.

Even Celtic and Millwall shares have begun to move. The United focus on branding and pay-per-view is transforming the prospects for the whole sector.

# Morgan four may quit after inquiry

Richard Miles

FOUR top Morgan Grenfell executives are expected to quit next week after the blue-chip investment bank concludes its investigation into the unconventional investment practices of rogue fund manager Peter Young.

Under keenest scrutiny is Keith Percy, chief executive of the bank's asset management arm and ultimate boss of Mr Young, who ran the company's two star European unit trust funds.

Mr Percy is widely credited as the driving force behind the rapid growth of Morgan

Grenfell's fund management business, which has seen the money under its control swell to £70 billion from just £14 billion five years ago.

Also in the frame are Glyn Owen, chief investment officer of the European team, Mike Wheatley, head of compliance, and Graham Kane, chief of the unit trust management arm who signed off the annual management reports for both of Mr Young's funds.

A Morgan Grenfell spokesman declined last night to comment on the resignations but confirmed that the bank's own internal investigation, undertaken by a 35-strong

team from City accountants Ernst & Young, is due to be completed "within the next few weeks".

Institutional investors, including several large pension funds, are understood to have pressed for a high-level purge in the wake of last month's debacle which led to the 72-hour suspension in the dealing of three Morgan Grenfell investment funds.

Trading in the three funds, which at their peak attracted £1.4 billion of investors' money, was frozen at the beginning of September after the discovery of "potential irregularities", which triggered the launch of an official investigation by City watchdog Imro and the involvement of the Serious Fraud Office.

The scandal prompted the intervention of Morgan Grenfell's German parent, Deutsche Bank, which poured £100 million into the three funds and subsequently pledged to buy up any unwanted units to head off a run by panic-stricken investors.

Imro's investigation is unlikely to be concluded for at least a month and Morgan Grenfell says the 90,000 investors in the three funds, many of whom have since withdrawn their money, will have to wait until then before they receive any compensation for losses arising from Mr Young's management.

The SFO raided Mr Young's £450,000 home in Bournemouth last month, but have yet to press charges, although his passport has been impounded. Mr Young, who has been dismissed by Morgan Grenfell for "gross misconduct", has strenuously denied any fraudulent activity.

# SFA opens first case against Barings chiefs

Sarah Whitebloom

THE first formal regulatory hearing of a former Barings Brothers executive begins on Thursday with the Securities and Futures Authority's case against Ron Baker, who was Nick Leeson's direct manager at the time of the bank's collapse in February last year.

The week is set to be dominated by memories of the £830 million Barings debacle as another Barings executive, Mary Walz, claims £300,000 in "unpaid bonuses" at an industrial tribunal in London.

The SFA is not alleging that Mr Baker, formerly head of Barings' financial products, contributed to the bank's collapse, but is pressing for him to be banned for up to three years from senior management positions in the City because of "his lack of skill and care in management".

Mr Baker, who was criticised for his handling of the collapse, is the first of four former Barings

executives who will appear before SFA tribunals over the next three to four months.

Five other top Barings staff have accepted SFA bans of up to three years without calling for a full tribunal.

Ian Hopkins, another senior bank executive, is scheduled to appear in early 1997, although he is refusing to present any defence because he claims to be the whistleblower who brought Leeson down. The other two taking their cases to tribunals are Ms Walz and James Sax, who led Barings' South East Asian operation, for which Mr Leeson worked.

If found guilty, the former executives would be able to take their cases on to an appeals tribunal for a final decision but Mr Baker, whose case is expected to last three to four weeks, said yesterday that he is confident about the result of the hearing.

He said he has been personally penalised because of the innuendo and speculation that has surrounded the collapse of Barings, although he is not being accused of any role in the bank's failure.



# Is the Pope a catholic? Not when he played football.

Time Warner, following its \$7.5 billion (£4.85 billion) merger with his Turner Broadcasting System. He put pressure on Time Warner to cut costs and boost revenues by \$600 million, double the amount it initially planned after the purchase of Turner.

McKinsey & Co, the management consultant, has been brought in to go through Time Warner's expenses with a fine-tooth comb. McKinsey will scrutinise Time Warner's perks, from its small fleet of corporate jets to resort homes in Colorado and in Mexico.

Mr Turner, husband of Jane Fonda, is said to have been taken aback at the frequent use of corporate planes at Time Warner and its generous pay and severance packages.

Mr Turner is not even making allowances for his own kin. He told his son Robert, a promotions manager at Turner, that his job would be axed as part of the merger.

"You're toast," Mr Turner declared to his son over a family meal in an Atlanta restaurant.

# Skinflint rides into Hollywood

Mark Tran in New York

TED TURNER, the CNN mogul turned Number Two at Time Warner, is bringing his skinflint approach to a company notorious for lavishing perks — from corporate jets to holiday hideaways — on its Hollywood stars.

Time Warner's habit of coddling its artists was assiduously cultivated by Steve Ross, the company's previous chairman, once described as the "last pasha in American business".

Mr Ross would think nothing of lending his chartered boat to Dustin Hoffman or financing expensive works of art to Barbra Streisand.

While such extravagances have been curbed under Gerald Levin, Mr Ross' successor, Time Warner has not entirely shed its corporate largesse, especially in compensation and severance packages for its top executives.

These days could be numbered with the arrival of the penny-pinching Mr Turner at

# Euro cheer for future of UK's real ales

Julie Wolf in Brussels

HOPES rose yesterday for an amicable resolution to a dispute between the Government and the European Commission that threatens the future of Britain's small brewers.

Following talks between British and EU officials, the commission said a compromise should be reached by the end of the year. British officials were more cautious, but one said: "There is probably scope for defusing it [the row]."

At the heart of the dispute is Britain's "guest beer" law, under which tied pubs can only draught ale from an outside supplier, providing it is cask conditioned or sold in the barrel in which fermentation took place.

The commission argues that this requirement favours British beers, as cask conditioned beers are rare on the Continent — thereby undermining the single market.

However, advocates of the system say it has led to a revival in traditional ales.

# 270 jobs go as BSE crisis closes plant

Lisa Buckingham

THE impact of the mad cow crisis on Britain's meat industry yesterday prompted the closure of one of Scotland's oldest canning plants with the loss of more than 270 jobs. The Robert Wilson canning operation at Kilwinning will be shut because its owner, Hillside Holdings, predicts there will be no end to its losses.

Robert Wilson was suffering large deficits even before the BSE catastrophe began to hit the meat industry in March. It is one of only three meat businesses still owned by Hillside, which plunged into loss in the first half of the year as a result of closures in its red-meat businesses which have, in turn, given it some protection against the worst

# Majestic's AIM debut worth a drink to founder

Lisa Buckingham

JOHN Arthorpe, founder of the Majestic Wine group and a former Guardian Young Businessman of the Year, will have a price tag of more than £16 million placed on his personal fortune when the company joins the Alternative Investment Market.

Majestic, which specialises in selling casealods of wine, operates 59 stores in the UK. It reported a 70 per cent rise in profits to £1.24 million in the year to April on sales of £40 million. Sales were just £30 million and profits less than £450,000 in the year to March 1994.

The company is 80 per cent owned by Mr Arthorpe who founded the Bejam frozen foods retailer in 1969 and ran the business until it was sold to Iceland 20 years later.

Tim How, chief executive of Majestic — which was formed from the merger of Majestic Wine Warehouses and Wizard Wine, a former Iceland unit — said the company had decided to seek a flotation on AIM to raise its profile.

Exclusive interview with the Pope's best mate... a Polish Jew.

The Observer

The Nobel view of tax

James Mirrlees, the latest Nobel Prize winner in economics, writes exclusively for the Economics Page in Monday's Guardian. The professor expounds his belief that middle England can afford to pay higher taxes than any political party has been prepared to admit.

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS

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Belgium 47.88	Greece 368.25	Netherlands 2.6140	Spain 195.80
Canada 2.07	Hong Kong 11.82	New Zealand 2.2050	Sweden 10.18
Denmark 8.9565	Ireland 0.9480	Norway 8.9485	Switzerland 1.850
Finland 7.1070	Israel 4.99	Portugal 236.50	Turkey 140.613
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# Finance Guardian

## The child picking jasmine for French perfume houses barely makes a living wage. ROGER COWE asks if we are really prepared to swallow the fair trade premium



### Keeping the coyotes at bay

**ARTURO JIMENEZ** helps to run *Union de Ejidos de la Selva*, a coffee co-operative in Comitán in the Chiapas region of Mexico, which was one of *Cafédirect's* original suppliers five years ago. It serves about 1,200 growers in 42 scattered communities.

"When a community gets a new warehouse built with 50 or 60 per cent of the resources coming from the Union, then I know it has worked", he said. "It is important that we can deliver something for the growers, so that they stop borrowing money at such high interest rates."

His general manager, Jose Juarez, said the crucial factor was escaping the hated middlemen. "These coyotes would arrive and offer a price. The producers would begin to deposit their coffee. But they would only get a small prepayment for it. Then the fraud would begin and the producers would be left with nothing."

*Cafédirect* makes a prepayment worth 60 per cent of the consignment value to help cash flow and keep growers away from money lenders. It also guarantees a minimum price and a continuing relationship, which is crucial to offset the volatility of the coffee price on world markets. And the growers get a "social premium" when the world price is higher than the guarantee.

Marketing director Humphrey Pring calculates that over five years *Union de la Selva* has received \$90,000 (\$52,000) in premiums. That might not sound much — but he estimates it is worth \$1 million.

That cash has been used for roads, sewing workshops and bread shops, patios for drying coffee, water tanks — and a satellite dish to access coffee price data. "It gives the growers the knowledge when to sell and when not to sell," said Mr Pring.

been renamed *Community Trade*, to reflect the emphasis of sourcing products from cocoa butter to baskets and pottery in small communities. Ms MacDonald has established procedures for identifying appropriate groups to buy from.

Sourcing is one thing. Selling is another. And there is the nightmare of balancing tight stock control with the needs of the producers for stable, long-term demand.

"A lot of people don't understand how difficult it is," Ms MacDonald said. "It takes a lot of commitment from a lot of people."

But do shoppers care enough? The evidence of the green boom in the late 1990s suggests that in Britain people will not pay more, even for values they espouse.

Richard Adams, who has been behind most fair-trade initiatives for two decades, now runs *Out of This World*,

an ethical consumer co-operative. He believes many campaigners underestimate how difficult it is for manufacturers and retailers to meet their demands, and wonders whether there is enough altruism in the tough 1990s. "A generation has grown up being told that the world is very competitive."

There is clearly a fair trade niche, however, and the idea is entering the mainstream. This week the British Retail Consortium agreed to sponsor a meeting with manufacturers, retailers and the Department of Trade and Industry to attack exploitation.

Chris Williams, spokesman for C&A, which last year set up its own auditing operation, said: "There's a time for everything. Now a lot of people are saying: 'let's try to push fair trade forward'."

# The costly scents of exploitation

**C**HILDREN paid a pittance to pick jasmine for French perfume houses before dawn in the mud of the Nile delta have a new ally — the British shopper.

Consumers are now in the vanguard of the battle against trade-induced injustices as the emphasis shifts from campaigns in high places to the high street.

The latest move to enlist shoppers in this fight is the launch on Tuesday of the *Oxfam Fair Trade Company*.

The company will transform *Oxfam's* approach to selling crafts and food and hopes to reduce losses the charity has built up.

With a more professional management approach, improved presentation and tighter product ranges, the appeal is to the consumer, not the charitable instinct. Donated clothing will be played down, and in some cases kicked out.

Development agencies have not abandoned the idea of a new world order in which poor countries' debts are

wiped out and trading relationships transformed to improve workers' pay. Indeed, they are pushing for these issues to be discussed at the Singapore meeting of the World Trade Organisation in December. Nor have trade unions given up the notion of global membership.

But those targets are as remote now as they were in the seventies, when *Oxfam* and *Traidcraft* began importing trinkets from countries such as India and Bangladesh.

Yet world market prices of crops such as coffee still threaten to impoverish their producers. Globalisation of industry makes it easier for manufacturers to pursue ever-lower labour costs, moving production as wages rise.

An elastic concept, fair trade is not just about price, says Pauline Tiffen of *Twin Trading*, a partner in the *Cafédirect* venture. "It is a trading chain where the producers are not the weakest link, where due respect is given to their skills and contribution."

"But it's not just positive discrimination — consumers

should get a good deal as well."

Phil Wells, director of the *Fairtrade Foundation*, said: "It is trade which empowers the disadvantaged producer."

The foundation, set up in 1992, is involved in both strands of the fair-trade movement: addressing the needs of agricultural producers and industrial workers.

Both strands rely on a willingness among western shoppers to pay more, albeit for higher quality goods. First, products such as *Cafédirect* bypass existing brand owners to offer an alternative, giving producers better terms. The foundation awards a Fair-trade Mark which tells shoppers they are paying a "social premium" but guarantees minimum living and working conditions. The mark has so far been attached to chocolate and tea, as well as coffee.

The foundation is also persuading western companies to insist on higher standards in their suppliers' factories. Last week *Sainsbury* and the *Co-op* signed up for a pilot project to work out how to define and enforce standards.

Separately, charities are trying to apply consumer pressure to harness the power of retailers against appalling third world conditions. *Oxfam* has a clothing campaign aimed at Marks & Spencer, Burton, C&A, Next and Sainsbury. The World Development Movement is targeting toy buyers, with the focus next month on footballs and Olympic sports goods.

These campaigns have been sparked in part by events, such as the 156 fire deaths at a Thai toy factory in 1993, but mainly by the endemic exploitation in countries where cheap clothes, toys and footwear are now produced.

Workers who make a pair of 250 trainers typically share £1 in wages. As little as 4p goes to workers out of £12.56 paid by a UK consumer for an imported shirt.

Alison Ive of *Oxfam* said pay is seldom the key issue. Security of employment, health and safety, working hours and intimidation are more important. "There should be no forced overtime, and if there are long hours there must be breaks."

Campaigners want to stamp out 60-hour weeks, fines for failing to meet production targets and poor protection from lethal chemicals.

In the US, where brands such as Reebok and Levi's have acted to stave off consumer pressure, the emphasis has been on child labour.

Boycotts may cut the pay of child workers like the Nile jasmine-picker. Western companies can demand better conditions

PHOTOGRAPH: MARIE DORRIGNY

under-14s from working. Legislation alone would not be enough, he warned, calling for "a change in our mentalities".

Modern western sensibilities suggest that manufacturers who employ children should be shunned. But development workers urge caution.

*Oxfam* cites the upheaval in the Bangladesh clothing industry when US senator Tom Harkin put forward a bill to ban the import of products made with child labour.

So engagement rather than boycott is preferred, although campaigns such as the *Burma Action Group* urge boycotts of retailers using suppliers to put pressure on the military regime.

The aim is to get British companies using developing world suppliers to adopt codes of conduct that will ensure better conditions. The *Fairtrade Foundation Charter* lays down 10 principles such as codes should embrace and which should see suppliers working towards International Labour Organisation standards as a minimum.

Adopting a code is not enough. The toy industry has a code of practice but, as Jessica Woodroffe of the World Development Movement says: "The whole procedure assumes that the code is not going to work. Companies need to monitor factories, which they do already for product quality and safety. And there must be some form of independent audit."

It is not easy, as *Body Shop's* Jacqui MacDonald admitted, even in a company with an explicit commitment to different trading patterns.

The former *Oxfam* worker was recruited two years ago to sort out the company's *Trade Not Aid* campaign, which had failed to make substantial purchases. It has now

**Across**

1 Hasten (8)  
5 Light — trades exhibition — just — fine (4)  
9 Hanging tapestry (5)  
10 Preparing food — or concocting bookst (7)  
11 Egghead (12)  
13 Spongy (6)  
14 Nobleman — horseman — chess piece (6)  
17 Surly, irascible (12)  
20 Sailor (7)

**Down**

1 Dash, vivacity (4)  
2 Associate — spouse (7)  
3 Unsavoury — base (12)  
4 Equipment to lift — or bring down (6)  
6 Goodbye (5)  
7 Control (8)

### Quick Crossword No. 8255

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

- Solution No. 8354**
- 21 Not qualified — to sum up (5)  
22 Naked (4)  
23 Detective story (8)
- 8 Focused (12)  
12 Sample (8)  
15 Big eater (7)  
16 Preliminary drawing (6)  
18 Regarded — as famous? (5)  
19 Low-key — apartment (4)

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15 أكتوبر 1996

James Goldsleeves will continue the opposition to Hugo Young's...

NATIONAL SAVINGS

KEEPING YOU THE BEST INVESTMENT



the week that was

Them on them

The global view

Television is pitiless, but he doesn't try to defend himself from its assault. He puts himself on show in all his weakness. There's a Christian message in this defenceless public display. It's a rare message in an age in which it seems admiration is always reserved for the strongest. The Pope puts himself on the side of the weak. Cardinal Achille Silvestrini commenting in Corriere della Sera

The dramatic events at Vatnajökull remind us of the immense forces of nature that rule our Icelandic lives. The

lessons we can draw from them are that of honesty and respect and caution; and that such events can only strengthen our sense of togetherness, perseverance and common responsibility. Morgunblaðið, a Reykjavík newspaper, on this week's volcanic eruption which happened underneath Europe's largest glacier

Members of the opposition Party of the Democratic Revolution in the state of Guerrero seized 45 cows they alleged were to be used to bribe voters in Sunday's state elections. From the Mexican daily La Jornada

Us on us

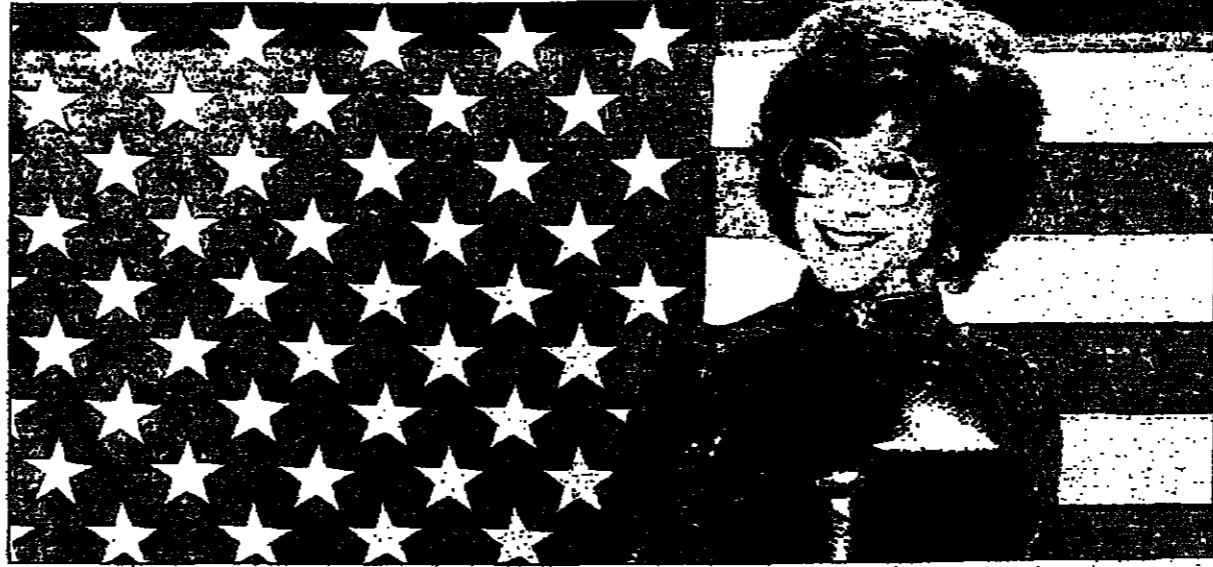
The British view

Seventeen candles cast a glow in Dunblane Cathedral on Wednesday - a symbol of a brighter future devastated by the events of March 13. The occasion was a sunset service, when one, yet the congregation which packed the pews was dressed brightly - a result of a request from the bereaved parents not to treat it as a funeral service. Stirling Observer

Postal workers have put pen to paper to complain about animal lovers who allow their pets to urinate on mail boxes. A spokesman for the Royal Mail's Blackburn collection team complained

after delivery staff became sick of the stench on letters they handled. And an open letter to the Evening Telegraph reads "Sometimes the mail bags get wet with urine. Stale dog urine is one of the foulest smells. When you are walking your dog, think of us." Lancashire Evening Telegraph

The fact that there has been no knee-jerk reaction to the Labour bombing indicates just how anxious everyone is to hang on to the remnants of peace. This contrasts with some apocalyptic reporting in the national media. There has been almost an assumption that "war" will be resumed. Belfast Telegraph



THE WEEK'S DIRTY TRICKS

There aren't too many professions in which you can demand and get cash up front for goods and services about to be rendered, but should you answer to the calling of a con man, it seems you can expect to be paid instantly regardless of the quality of your product. That is the lesson of the Diana video scandal, in which a fast-talking American lawyer and an anonymous Turk fleeced the Sun of \$100,000 in return for a tape, supposedly of Princess Diana and James

Hewitt rumping in their underwear, but in fact made by an aspiring film director as a demo sketch idea for Rory Bremner. Playing a dirty trick on the editor of the Sun may not seem the most heinous crime. Deceived editor Stuart Higgins, though, was severely embarrassed while his proprietor, Rupert Murdoch, was reportedly incandescent about the waste of money and credibility. If there were a week to fall foul of a dirty trick, this was it. Scudder still was Mrs Diane Jones of Portsmouth, who for years believed her husband Tony's job as a taxi driver was merely a cover for his real profession as an undercover SAS officer. It transpired at his trial for theft and deception that the taxi driving was in fact a cover for his secret life - as a taxi driver. So elaborate was the faking of Mr Jones's life as SAS

Lieutenant-Colonel that he enrolled mates as "regimental comrades" of his full military honours wedding. He even shot himself in the arm to convince Diane that he had been injured in the Gulf war. Despite years of dirty tricks, Diane professes still to love Tony. This was not, however, the attitude of Colin Wallace, a former army officer who suffered a dirty trick at the hands of some shadowy soul in the security services and was less than pleased at their deception. Wallace's conviction for manslaughter was quashed by the Court of Appeal this week after a 16 year campaign to clear his name. Will Tony Jones pretend to be an SAS man, the police, it appears, tried to make out that Wallace was one in order to secure his conviction. With all respects to the done-down Wallace, the dirty trick of the week

Con man/woman Dustin Hoffman's Tootsie award must go to the Scottish football squad for its magnificent victory over Estonia. As a brilliant response to the country's perennial goalkeeper (not to mention goal scorer) problems, the Scots managed to bag an early start, blaming the poor quality of the Estonian stadium's floodlights. This ensured that the Estonian part-timers were either still at work or enjoying lunch 100 kilometres away when Billy Dodds, the Aberdeen striker, kicked off a game that was declared a win for Scotland after three seconds. Now, adding insult to dirty trick, it is the Estonians who may be banned from the World Cup for failing to turn up to the qualifier. Jonathan Margolis

It's a bore crossing the floor

This week last year October 8, 1995

THE Labour leadership couldn't believe its luck. On the eve of last year's Conservative party conference, Alan Howarth - Conservative MP for Stratford-upon-Avon - defected to Labour. The news overshadowed the start of the conference and dominated the week's coverage. The Conservatives were furious. Apart from the timing, eclipsing what was to have been a comeback conference for a sleaze-tainted government, the defection reduced Major's majority to five. Howarth's constituency party in Stratford-upon-Avon disowned him. Everything in his life became fair game for the Tory press: even photo-opportunity shaking hands with Tony Blair outside the Commons.



Alan Howarth... was it worth the bad time?

The headlines died down, and he found himself in an unprecedented situation: he was the first sitting Tory MP ever to cross the floor to Labour, and was reviled not only by the entire Parliamentary Conservative Party, but also by parts of the opposition. While the Labour leadership was pleased with its

catch (could there be enough where he came from to overturn Major's majority?). "Old" Labour saw his defection as proof the party had moved too far to the right. Party activists in Stratford-upon-Avon, one of the earliest constituencies to receive the Howarth CV, pointed out that under the party's constitution he was ineligible to stand as a Labour MP in the 1997 election, since he had not been a party member for the required two years. In April, the NEC duly annulled the rule book to allow Howarth to stand after all. Once that had freed him, he set off on a quest for a

seat, armed with a five page CV and Blair-approved letter of application. Officially he has only put himself forward for Manchester Wythenshawe and Sale, where he failed to make it on to the six-strong shortlist. However, Howarth has shown interest in almost every constituency that has been available, so far to no avail. His current seat, Stratford-upon-Avon, was already taken. If Howarth does find a seat, he is likely to face a challenge from Arthur Scargill, who has vowed to stand against him wherever it is. "I think at the moment his confidence varies from day to day," says his assistant Patricia Constant. "He hasn't made any other plans for after the election - he's still hoping for a seat." There's a certain irony in that, if Howarth's defection, it was thought that there were other Conservatives watching and waiting, though as it happens Emma Nicholson has been the only to follow suit. Tory Central Office will not doubt be delighted if Howarth fails to find a new constituency as that at least would be a message to other potential waverers: desert us and you kiss your political career good-bye. Emily Barr

Prophet of Armageddon

page 13 bling a political organisation will be the question on view at their conference, aping the big boys, at Brighton next Saturday. Never, for sure, has so much money been put behind the reduction of politics to a single, simple issue.

But Sir James himself is by no means simple. On the face of it, he's the British model of the power-hungry magnate who is certain he can run the world better than the politicians. Berlusconi and Ross Perot are of the company. It is their common ground to despise what Goldsmith calls the "political caste" who have never "done" anything. This feeling, visceral in its intensity, figures large in what Goldsmith is doing now. But it's far from the whole story. The whole story, in a curious way, is as distant from cold, hard-headed calculation as it could possibly be. For him, the RP is the climax of a dual obsession, in which the corruption of politicians features strongly. It takes him back to his father, who fought George Bernard Shaw for an LCC seat and was an MP whose dates, startlingly, were 1910-1918. Frank Goldsmith, a "civilised Conservative" who fathered Jimmy at the age of 56, believed MPs should not be paid. Otherwise they became servile officers of the business of government.



Sir James... an incorrigible romantic with authority

As a boy, Jimmy was shocked by this, but now he believes it. He regards France, from the media to the judiciary, and including the entire politico-industrial complex, as diseased beyond recovery, which partly explains why, half French himself, with a granny who came from the Burgundian soil, he ran against the system to get into the European Parliament as a French MEP in 1984. But this was the misbehaviour of a nation-state, I said. It didn't have much to do with Europe. "It's the misbehaviour of an elite which has started to believe it owns a country," he replied. "This can be in a nation-state, or a local community; it can be the Mafia, it

can be Europe." The Goldsmith universe offers plentiful scope for vomiting. The European Union, however, is his target. This is where obsessiveness is now directed, where the caste-disease is everywhere to be found. Living abroad, after a

spectacularly successful business career, Goldsmith had the sense of Armageddon approaching. "I had to decide whether it was more uncomfortable to oppose what I thought was a disastrous train-crash, in which my family, my culture and everything else are involved, or to close my eyes and enjoy the benefits of what I'd been able to create for myself. Finally I was less uncomfortable getting into the fray than doing nothing." He set about his project with a fury. The Treaty of Maastricht, which, as a matter of honour, many Euro-sceptics seem to insist on calling "Mystriect", is the fount of all poison. Goldsmith must be the world's greatest living expert outside Brussels. "I've spent three years studying the treaty and the protocols, the way it works, how the institutions work. I've done practically nothing else. Twelve hours a day." "I'm used to complicated contracts, right?" he said, in a grinning, almost gleeful way. "All I can tell you is that I still have to go to counsel twice a month to get something interpreted." The RP conference, he says, will show the effects of this. It will not be a re-ré affair, but studiously devoted to the protocols of Mystriect. In a move from which other parties may yet have to learn, speakers at Brighton are being required to submit every speech not to a spin-doctor but a qualified barrister before delivery. Not for the RP the pitiful ignorance of most MPs, who haven't read the treaty. And not for its leader any doubt that it must at all costs be stopped. Allied to Sir James's helter in the manifest necessity of what he's doing, is his reading of the runes. Here he does begin to sound more like a politician. For a start, he has set out wrong about anything. He says he got the French unemployment figure right before anyone else did. He can show you the lecture where he predicted the BSE calamity years ago. He told Giscard d'Estaing in 1992 exactly how many devaluations there would be in the fated ERM, and got Balladur and Chirac to back his views on a European reserve currency. He goes round the world impressing the men of wisdom, like Solzhenitsyn, whom he saw recently, and besting the pathetic men of straw, the politicians. He's also sure things are moving

his way now. "When the elite imposes its will on the people, that leads either to a revolutionary situation or a suspension of democracy, and we're seeing both." The whiff of 1848 is, he thinks, beginning to vindicate him. There's a certain rubbing of salt in this great sweep of the fate of the British Tory Party is of small significance. In Belgium the prime minister has been appointed dictator, to get EMU through. In France, despite Chirac's massive parliamentary majority, the "pre-constitutional" can be expected to see off the parties of centre-left and centre-right, in favour of the Communists and Le Pen. Sweden, Portugal, Finland: there's no limit to the places where pro-EU feeling is on the wane. Of this process, his RP has become, he is sure, the epicentre. "Our arguments are being disseminated everywhere. We have the best research and the best legal advice. We irrigate the other parties throughout Europe." The conquest of Britain now awaits. And this is not far off. The RP, he claims, has got the referendum debate going. Didn't the Tories help, I asked. "Well, the divisions in the Tory Party have been substantially inflamed by us," he gleamed.

But debate is not enough. The leader is now in full torrent. Even if 800 candidates garnering only one vote between them wouldn't for a moment discourage his sense of destiny, he thinks they can do better. He dreams of winning a seat, or two - "no guarantees, but it's possible." He then talks about the resulting alliances inside what, as he hints, has by now been suborned, largely by his pressures, into becoming a pro-referendum House of Commons. The optimistic madness of the crusading neophyte seems to be complete. I tell him quite openly that I think this is a fantasy. He will win no seats. If there is a full-scale referendum, which is possible, Labour politics rather than the mighty RP would have produced it. But disconnection is pervasive, beginning with what actually happens even if his kind of referendum - a Yes/No question on a federal Europe, preferably

appended to the ballot paper at the 1997 General Election - produced the answer he wanted. Would Britain then leave the EU? Ah, no, Goldsmith insists. "That can't be done," he says rather primly. "That's a *puuch*. There's no provision for leaving, as Chancellor Kohl has made clear." So what can he do? He says he's doing, at any stage in this endless saga? The answer, perhaps predictably, refers with longing to General de Gaulle. "The General, father of a Europe of Nations, should be our model. I think it will take leadership and guts," says Sir James, with a sudden lack of originality. "And the backing of the people." He went on: "If you're willing to use your power, you can block progress of Mystriect Two [the Inter-Governmental Conference]. If Britain gave a lead, and showed a clear referendum result, it would change the political scene throughout Europe. There would be contagion, spreading from here." At this point, I think, we are moving away from optimism into serious disregard for practical probabilities. But then, only now am I beginning to get the full measure of Sir James Goldsmith. If you read his tracts, one called The Trap, the other The Response, you are nearly prepared. In the flesh it is more apparent how modest a part all this stuff about Europe plays in a philosophy whose total preoccupation is with the iniquities of the world trading system. Immerse yourself for long enough in Goldsmith's mind, and you discover someone as different as could be from the typical boardroom calculator, the legendary cross between Augustus Melmoth and Henry Ford. The disabling political truth about Goldsmith is not that he's power hungry, but that he's an incorrigible romantic. The aura, almost of anarchy surrounds his view of the world. What turns him on is the vision of changing the entire global economic rule-book. Goldsmith is a trade protectionist, who believes the ruin of the western world will come from exporting capital and importing the products of cheap labour. He has a well-worked thesis linking the ruination of the First World War, all at the behest of transnational capitalism, upon whose evils his philippic was so long that I can give only a taste.

Whereas multi-nationals, among whom he once counted the vast business he gave up in 1987, "belonged to the corporate culture of the countries where they invested", trans-nationals are voracious beasts without loyalties. "They farm out manufacturing wherever labour is cheapest. They divorce the interests of the company from those of the nation." They also betray the real purpose of economics. "Economics are there to serve," says this born-again tycoon. "They can't be judged by the profit level or the stock price. What matters is whether they contribute to the prosperity, stability, well-being and contentment of the nation."

"That moves Goldsmith, so he says, is the global plague of McDonalds, and the galantry of 10 million heroes who would not let American hamburgers destroy their road-side food stalls. He thinks a 100 companies have the power to destroy the world, and are rapidly doing so. He has taken his message to the Great Hall of the People, where he told the Chinese nomenklatura a few years ago to look for salvation not in western materialism but in their own natural philosophies, Taoism and Confucianism. What really disturbs him is the contest between Islamic spiritualism and American rationalism, a matter about which, alone in this talk, he expressed something less than adamant certainty as to the preferable outcome. Brighton, in such a context, is small beer. I think the RP is a rich man's folly, on an unusually massive scale. A distraction from boredom, with righteous passion added for a man of some clarity, who takes limitless pleasure in the air of menace with which the pathetic Tories have endowed him. Goldsmith has made himself into a kind of intellectual, who will explain in detail the wickedness of Mystriect as well as the case for the "mixture of representative and participatory democracy I happen to believe in profoundly." But really he's something else. He's a man who has acquired more of the world's riches than almost anyone alive or dead, and is now using them to tell the world it has got everything that matters wrong.

1. "I take full responsibility for this mistake. I am deeply sorry." Who?

2. Who confused an end-of-terrace house in Wandsworth with Prince Charles's estate, Highgrove, in Gloucestershire?

3. Who paid £100,000 for a short film starring the unknown actress Nicky Lilley?

4. "Why on earth would I ever contemplate suicide?" Who?

5. "We're a laughing stock." Who?

6. Who have done more to bring shame on the family than could ever have been imagined?

7. Who crashed their brand new plane within hours of taking delivery?

8. Which of these embarrassed the Tories in Bournemouth?

9. Health food, according to whom?

10. Who invited all three of his wives to a party?

11. Given out for 108. What?

12. Scotland 3, Estonia 0. Can you name one of the scorers?

13. "One dead of night/in the dead still/He looked up/from his book/from that dark/to pore on other dark." Which famous author penned these lines?

14. Who asked the world to pray for him?

15. Which national newspaper editor was sacked?

Answers are on the back page

Most of his tel



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Answers are on the back page

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Answers are on the back page

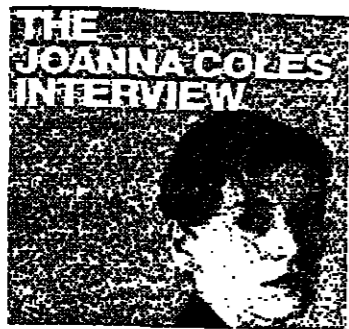
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Answers are on the back page

Answers are on the back page

Most of his television rivals burned out years ago, so how does Clive James's star keep shining?

# Regrets? I've had a few



THE JOANNA COLES INTERVIEW

**C**LIVE JAMES stares at me fishily as I arrive at his warehouse-style production office in West London, where the trendy receptionist is momentarily unable to speak due to an over-ambitious bite of bacon sandwich.

"I don't usually do interviews," he remarks darkly, hurrying into his office and steering me away from the unmade camp-bed which lines one wall. "Lunchtime naps, not a casting couch," he says, nodding at the bed. "Look, I've been stitched up so often in profiles that it's more than my life's worth but, well... let's say I'm prepared to take a risk." And he swings into his own chair, wheels it up to his desk and smiles bleakly.

This appeal-cum-coded-warning is standard procedure from television celebrities and I have been warned by his publicist that James has only agreed to this interview on the condition that we speak solely about his new novel, *The Silver Castle*. Which is a bit rich from a man who's made a living from making fun out of interviewing others, but we're in TV-land now, so there we go.

And for the record, I am also "taking a risk", hoping that I will be able to prise James away from the book to talk more roundly about himself.

The *Silver Castle*, in fact, has had surprisingly good reviews for a Clive James novel, which I say not to be snide but because his previous three novels have been generally poooh-pooohed by the sniffy and ostensibly more serious critics.

A relief then, to discover it is a good novel. Compelling and moving in equal measure, it shuffles between the slums of Bombay and the Indian film industry, following the life of a street child called Sanjay. Again, a surprise, it is free from the familiar ironic tones which lace James's copious memoirs and dominate his various television programmes.

So let's kick off, at least, with a question about the book: what made him decide to write about an Indian slum child?

"One face inspired the book, one little kid I saw in Bombay," he says quietly, "and I thought: what's going to happen to him? Then I thought: what would have happened to me in that situation?"

Uh-ho, the bullet detector begins to flash; he's sounding like Miss World. But then again... James says it in such a dry, flat way that he seems genuinely concerned about the ghetto kids he whizzes past on location. And he has just written an entire book about it. So we chat a bit about the Third World and how he fears that Marxist regimes starve people and that food aid may weaken a country's capacity to feed itself, which is all very interesting, but not quite what either of us had planned.

Perhaps a small wave of panic streaks across my face because he suddenly laughs and declares that he is "boring me", because I am boring me! So I lob in a question which is raised throughout *The Silver Castle*: does he believe in God?

He looks aghast. "Of course there isn't an intervening supernatural force, otherwise he would have intervened, wouldn't he? The only excuse for God is that he doesn't exist." Where does he draw his own moral guidelines from?

"From life and experience. I think I'm reasonably honest." But what are the specific experiences which have shaped him? "My life was shaped very early by a graphic demonstration that chance plays a great part in humans' capricious fate."

He is, I assume, talking about his father, an Australian serviceman, taken prisoner during the fall of Singapore in 1942 and freed three years later, only to die in an air crash on the way home. James



Man of many faces... These questions, um, I haven't got my usual array of protective metaphors and glib epigrams ready to meet them'

PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCCABE

nodes. What did that leave you with, I ask bluntly?

"By God," he mumbles, pausing before assembling an answer. "These questions, um, I haven't got my usual array of protective metaphors and glib epigrams ready to meet them. You're asking questions I'm writing whole books to answer and sometimes I haven't written the book yet."

I plough on regardless, conscious that we may have to return to publicising the book. Can he remember the impact of his father's death on him? "I can remember the effect on my mother, um... to me, um, normality in the 20th century is destruction, wanton destruction. Whole families blown away, and that is the background against which I see everything. I don't see normal life as normal. I see it as something which has been snatched back at the brink from universal destruction. I have a very very dark view of the world."

Is this why he's so prolific, I ask, sweating mentally at the nine volumes of journalism, six books of poetry, countless song lyrics, travel books and the outrageously large body of TV work he has now accumulated? "Probably, and it may be neurotic; I do all that to

**'I don't see normal life as normal. I have a very dark view of the world'**

stop thinking, to stop facing my own fears."

What happens when he does stop? "I never do. I rest by doing something else..."

In television terms, at least, James is a phenomenon envied wildly by other presenters for his ability to reinvent himself. During the last 20 years critics have grumbled he was doing too much, diluting his talent, but still the work came. From *Late Night* Clive to *Saturday Night* Clive to *Postcards From...* across the globe, he is one of a tiny minority who have sustained a lengthy career when the car park of television history is littered with burn-out cases.

Friends and colleagues put it down to a voracious intelligence which takes in several languages and roams across many disciplines. This is undoubtedly true. You can sniff his intelligence, it comes off him in waves like coffee from a burning bean on Sambucca. But how does he think he has kept on swapping channels for lots more money and new shows which continue to pull in vast audiences?

"I've seen other people get it wrong," he grins. "The key lies in what you say 'No' to. I've turned

down so many things. For a team and a strong team are everything. And I came to it when I was a bit older. Noel Coward said to be a success you have to be able to survive failure."

Does he fear failure? Does he think that his career may suddenly collapse around him?

"Not particularly. I don't do star things, I don't look like a star, I don't have the star trappings, I have no star behaviour, no star houses, no star existence."

Mmmm, but I'm sure I remember a photo of him in the summer at Jeffrey Archer's party cradling a glass of champagne as if it were a holy candle. "You go to one and it's reported for years," he shrugs. "It's one of the reasons I keep my family and my social life private. I don't want to present that many hostages to fortune, because fortune can be capricious. As a prominent face and name, I'm just visiting."

Yes, yes, but fame and recognition are powerfully seductive, you have to be strong to resist. "But one of the reasons I'm still here is that I did resist it. I set my own pace, I didn't have it set for me." So what, then, are these other "fears" that he talks about so darkly? "Probably, if you lead an

active and productive life, you're always scared that you're not really living at all. That you haven't really faced yourself."

Meaning what exactly? Brief pause. "That you haven't loved enough."

I give him a blank look and he sighs. "The love tends to go into the work." He laughs, briefly embarrassed, and there is another pause.

Beethoven wrote the *Appassionata* because he had no one to be passionate with... as any kind of artist that's your consolation. That's your consolation. But there are things I might have missed out on [pause] but I've put that kind of feeling into my work."

This seems such an odd thing to say that I find myself wondering — though I don't voice it — if this is the real reason why he doesn't talk about his family, especially his wife, a lecturer in Italian literature at University College, London. (During the week James lives in London, and goes back to the family home in Cambridge for the weekends.)

"If I could go back and start again, I'd be more scrupulous in every area of my life," he continues unprompted. "I'd try and be more gracious, not use my busy-

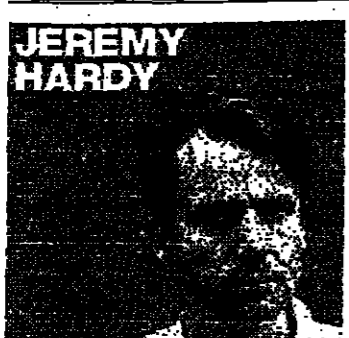
ness to duck my everyday obligations. It would be a different life, actually."

What would be the main difference? "There would be less time in the day to do what I think is important, but maybe that would be good for me."

I wonder suddenly how his relationship is with his mother? "Very close, it has been and still is," he says firmly. So how does she cope with his decision to live on the other side of the world? Pause. Rueful grin. "She's a brave woman, they're a brave generation, that's all I can say on that one. It would be intruding on her to say." Pause. "As well as can be imagined I think." Pause. "Maybe we should get the photograph done now?"

I have two more questions. One, did he advise Diana on her Panorama interview? "No," he replies quickly. "Great story, but no." (Friends say he actually counselled her against it.) And finally, does his work actually repay his devotion?

"Oh yes," he says with no hesitation. "One great character weakness of mine is that I do like to be told by people that they appreciate my work. And I'm lucky, I get that all the time."



**JEREMY HARDY**

**No patriots for me, thank you very much**

**P**ATRIOTISM is not necessarily the last refuge of a scoundrel. For Margaret Thatcher, it was a protected tenancy. Generally, the worse the scoundrel, the more patriotic they are. Never let it be said that Hitler or Stalin did not love their countries. And yet every major political party wishes to present itself as the real patriotic party.

You expect it from the Tories. They love Britain — although they don't give a toss about any of the people who live in it. At this conference, Michael Portillo was kept at bay. Last year, his threat to set the SAS on everybody else in the world became a hostage to fortune, and the SAS has made no move to abseil down fortune throwing stun grenades through the windows in an effort to rescue it.

This year, he confined his xenophobia to a fringe meeting, and even then couched it in terms of "globalism," meaning that Britain is best because we're more internationalist than those foreign bastards in Europe.

Michael Howard and Peter Lilley also played down their nationalism, not having made a great success of it. They have been trying to make asylum-seekers feel at home by making them as miserable as they were in the places they fled. But the courts, now the only effective opposition, intervened.

The image of starving homeless refugees wandering the streets does not make many people feel good about being British. In fact, Howard has completely failed to whip up the hostility towards asylum seekers he was hoping for. Most people feel sympathy for refugees, especially when their children embarrass them by growing up to be Home Secretary.

The main flag-waving was left to Dr Mawhinney. My reaction was the same as when Terry Wogan speaks glowingly of "us" while presenting the Eurovision Song Contest. "But you're Irish," I complain to the telly. This is perhaps unfair as Wogan has made his home in our country, and Ma-

whinney is an Ulsterman. That expression tends to be used as a euphemism for Northern-Irish men of the unionist persuasion, partly because they get funny if you call them "Irish" and partly because "Unionist" frequently denotes an intransigent bigot. Anyway, such people insist that Northern Ireland is not part of Ireland but part of Britain, even though aerial photography tells us something different.

Major briefly made the obligatory declaration of love for Britain, but it was no more credible than the Labour singing the Red Flag or the Liberals talking about power. All in all, the conference was less jingoistic than usual, and one has to allow the Tory faithful their patriotism because it is the only thing most of them can articulate.

But it is a dismal spectacle when people who should know better wrap themselves in the flag in an effort to woo the Last-Night-of-the-Proms vote. I assume that Paddy Ashdown knows better because, in his speech to the Liberal confer-

ence, he distinguished between patriotism and xenophobia. Such a distinction is never very convincing. It puts me in mind of the protestations of racists that they are

**Tony Blair invoked the spirit of Euro '96. Like all public schoolboys, he wants to seem passionate about football**

not anti-black, simply pro-white. But let us assume that Mr Ashdown has no dislike of other countries, and ask why he felt it necessary to appeal to Nation rather than Liberalism. Should we save the health service because it is British, or because it is a good thing? Should we have well-funded schools to turn out the Winston

Churchills of tomorrow, or because our children need them? Should we have progressive taxation because it sums up all that is great about this great country of ours, or because it is fair? Should we have decent pensions because the elderly fought for this country or because they are human beings?

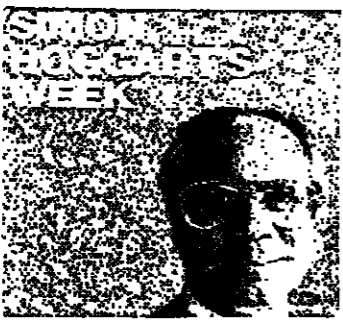
Tony Blair invoked the spirit of Euro '96. Like all public schoolboys today, he desperately wants to seem passionate about football. But he has forgotten that England ultimately failed, leaving many people distraught. It is perilous to invest one's whole sense of cultural identity in a kickabout.

The competition also drew attention to the way the terms English and British are used interchangeably, causing resentment in the other two countries that make up Britain. In any event, Tony Blair does not have a very convincing British identity because he has no identity at all. The last great bid to present Labour as the British party was

made by Neil Kinnock at his last conference. To be fair, he expressed quite well the sentiment that Ashdown tried to tap into, namely that the Tories have destroyed most of what was good about Britain.

For most of us, Britain is a place where we live; for Conservatives it is an idea. But even though Liberal and Labour politicians emphasise community and society, they can't help but wallow in Britain — the idea.

No politician wants to be thought unpatriotic, and if your voice doesn't tremble when you say the words "this country", your allegiance might be questioned. Not being a patriot is like not believing in immigration controls; no respectable politician will risk it. No one with ministerial ambition would ever go on a public platform and say: "All right, Britain's a clapped-out old dump, but Oasis are good and I like a pork pie." But I bet people would vote for them if they did.



Who can you trust if you can't trust the Sun?

MAY be the only non-Sun journalist in the country who rather regrets that the paper was duped into paying a six-figure sum for the fake Di and Major Hewitt tape. Of course I relished their embarrassment (though some of the papers who were crowing most loudly had also been taken in on the Tuesday morning).

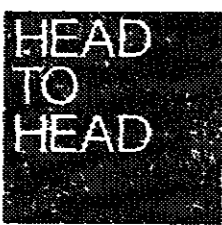
calls, and all that really interesting stuff. The Times still prints the Court Circular, which describes what the royals want you to think they're doing, while the Sun tells you what they're really up to.

adultery, in the same way that they decide to steal car radios or pull their sister's hair. By contrast, people are born gay, just as they are born black, Jewish or, come to that, English.

of them so young they were not born when John Major became prime minister. Even in Henley, where she lives, they throw concrete and debris into her garden. Some break through the hedge and abuse her. One hit her on the head with a stone. She is now afraid to leave her house.

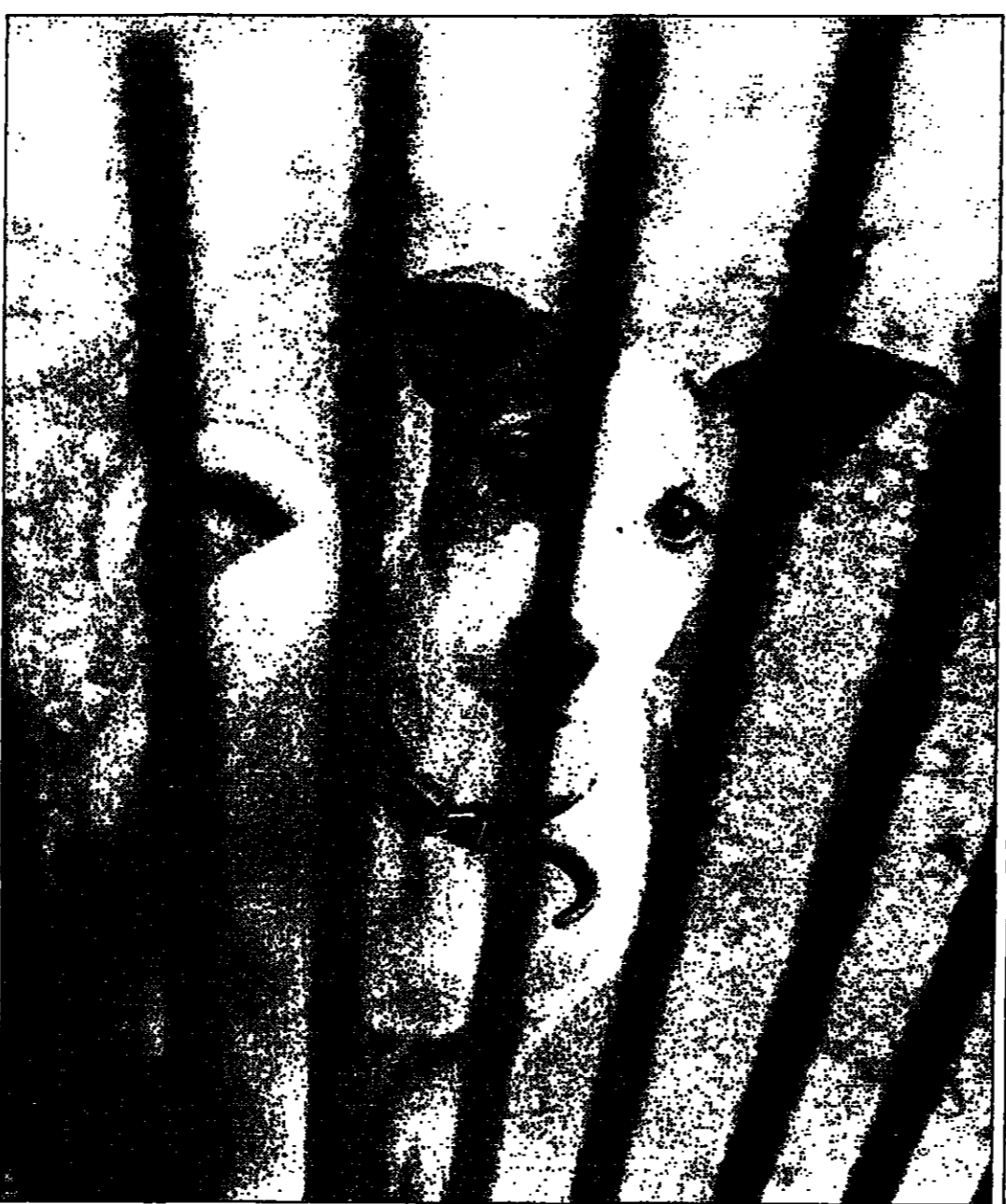
the names of his ministerial team, each introduced with a laudatory tag-line. I spent a few idle moments wondering how it would be if a minister, overcome by honesty or perhaps Tourette's Syndrome, said what he really thought.

# Pets behind bars



Lady Fretwell is sick of putting her dogs in quarantine and wants to see the system scrapped. Dr Vivienne Nathanson of the BMA warns without it we are at risk from rabies. Here we publish their exchange of letters

**Dear Vivienne,**  
I DO NOT LIKE the quarantine system. One day healthy pets are romping happily with their families, the next they are locked alone in cages with tiny runs on cement floors. They stay there for six months with no exercise and no family companionship. Three of mine have gone through this torment over the past 25 years.



Farewell to a four-legged friend... but are pets, and owners, being let down by the quarantine system?

**Dear Mary,**  
RABIES in humans is an appalling disease. Rabies in animals is equally horrific. We must celebrate our rabies-free status and do everything we can to protect it. If even a single animal with rabies gets through to the UK unchecked it could threaten all of us, particularly through our dog and cats.

for animals arriving at ports. Evidence of weak links in the procedures necessary to prevent the spread of animal disease across the borders of EU countries have already come to light with the reintroduction to Britain of the warble fly, an infestation of cattle which had been eradicated in the UK, following our loss of health inspection powers before entry.

currently insufficient safeguards to risk the switch to a new system. That is because the Government has failed for two years to put them in place. The BMA listed most of the necessary safeguards 18 months ago, but has preferred to fan rabies hysteria, doing nothing to promote those safeguards.

**New Internationalist magazine**  
We write our magazine and get sickening letters like this...



...and we carry on writing our magazine - because we feel it's right to challenge racism, injustice and inequality.

We co-operatively and independently produce a magazine on a different subject each month: it could be Racism, Hunger or Energy. Each magazine is packed full of information - articles, photos, graphs and charts - much quicker to read than a book. We are not afraid to criticise Shell for the pollution of the oilfield or our Government for turning a blind eye on the sale of Hawk jets to Indonesia. HELP US TO KEEP REPORTING ON ISSUES LIKE THESE BY SUBSCRIBING TO THE NEW INTERNATIONALIST.

NO-RISK TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION YES! Please send me my 3 FREE ISSUES AND FREE MAP. If I decide to cancel, I will continue, I need do nothing. Starting from the 1st of the following month, you will charge my account quarterly, until cancelled, the NI quarterly subscription price (see below).

**Dear Vivienne,**  
QUARANTINE has been completely effective for the past 25 years because, apart from the New-haven bat, not a single animal carrying live rabies virus has reached the UK in the previous 50 years, 29 rabid animals arrived in quarantine and three of them passed through into the country. That is a 10 per cent failure rate, not a 100 per cent proof of success.

Rabies was common in domestic animals in Britain in past centuries but did not start the epidemic in wildlife which you fear. This is because most animals are end-hosts for other forms of rabies (ie fox, dog and bat rabies are not interchangeable). There is no known case of a pet starting a wildlife epidemic. The only real danger would be from someone bringing in a rabid fox.

A reliable vaccine-based system would reduce the risk at present created by the hit-and-miss quarantine system. You say there are

**Dear Mary,**  
IT CANNOT be emphasised too strongly that it would take one rabies case only to be introduced into the UK and pass on the virus to start an animal epidemic with potentially devastating consequences.

Changes to the way of life in the UK following the spread of endemic rabies would be far-reaching. As this week's tragic case of the student who contracted rabies in Nigeria demonstrated, every animal bite would need to be regarded as suspect. All pets would require vaccination, everyone involved in work with animals would need to be vaccinated, anyone bitten or scratched by a sick animal or one without a known history would have to be treated immediately. There would follow the agonising wait of the long incubation period to see whether rabies developed.

## Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU

## SMALLWEED

IN HIS Spectator diary, the Prime Minister recalls the reception he recently held for leading sportsmen in Downing Street, in particular the arrival of Gezza - wearing, he says, a suit you could have played draughts on. Mr Major does not reveal his own chat with the footballer, though reports elsewhere suggest that it went as follows:

J. Major (Prime Minister): Nice suit!  
P. Gezza (Glasgow Rangers and England): Cheers!  
Later, I'm told, Gezza was less restrained, asking a top prime ministerial aide: "You work here, do you? So tell us who's slagging who in Downing Street?" The aide, blushing prettily, said he'd be the last to know.

**WHICH** brings me, more or less, to the matter of shirt sleeves. Apparently some people think the Prime Minister's gesture in removing his jacket for his question-and-answer session was unbecomingly vulgar. "Quite frankly, I find the depths to which the Tory party will stoop to court the voter amazing," a tailor called Hackett told yesterday's Telegraph. The paper also quotes what it calls an apocryphal story of a one-time senior partner at Cazenove, the bankers, who, asked by a young recruit if he might remove his jacket, replied: "Potatoes wear jackets. Gentlemen wear coats."

**WHY** assume this tale is apocryphal? The high institutions of England were riddled with this kind of snobbery. Luddite rules were established for no other purpose than to help snobs detect that people whom they encountered were not as they were. I have read of Lord Curzon rebuking some *pavane* with the words: "A gentleman does not take soup at luncheon."

**WHY** do we say that a politician is "wearing shirt sleeves", rather than "wearing a shirt"? It could perhaps derive from some form of *renouveau* in house, that invocation of humble origins once mandatory for aspiring Labour politicians, as in: "Where we grew up, we wuz too-poor-for-shirts, we júst 'ad looper and collars, held together by cardboard. Sitheh." The first reference I can find to shortsleevedness is from Merrie Tales of Sluison (1666) which records that his hostess was in hys lerkyn, and hys shirt sleeves were about his elbows. One might have supposed that this practice would rapidly spread, and yet as late as 1832 in a study of American manners an author called Trollope recorded with apparent surprise: "I saw a man... take off his coat that he might enjoy the refreshing coolness of shirt sleeves." I bet he was running for President.

**TOO** cynical? Yet one has only to look at a politician's nowadays to suspect one is being manipulated. If it isn't shirt sleeves, it is fruit. This has been a muted party conference since Michael Portillo - just as well after last year's excesses. Even his quiff looked contrite. But that didn't prevent a picture appearing this week in the Times, showing him relaxing in his Bournemouth hotel with a bowl of fruit by his side. You might have thought it was there just in case he fancied the odd tangerine, but in fact the bowl was vast, with more than enough replenishment for Portillo, his charming wife, and whole sweating gallery-loads of shirt-sleeved speechwriters. And even that, in this plot-ridden age, may not have been the full story. I suspect the return of the kind of iconography once familiar in portraiture, where heroes appear with symbols - an eagle, a hound, the works of St Thomas Aquinas - designed to convey some allegedly salient truth about them. We are being asked, subtly, to see Michael Portillo as a bringer of fruit: fecund, fructiferous, a supplier of feasts to come. Or perhaps of apples of discord?

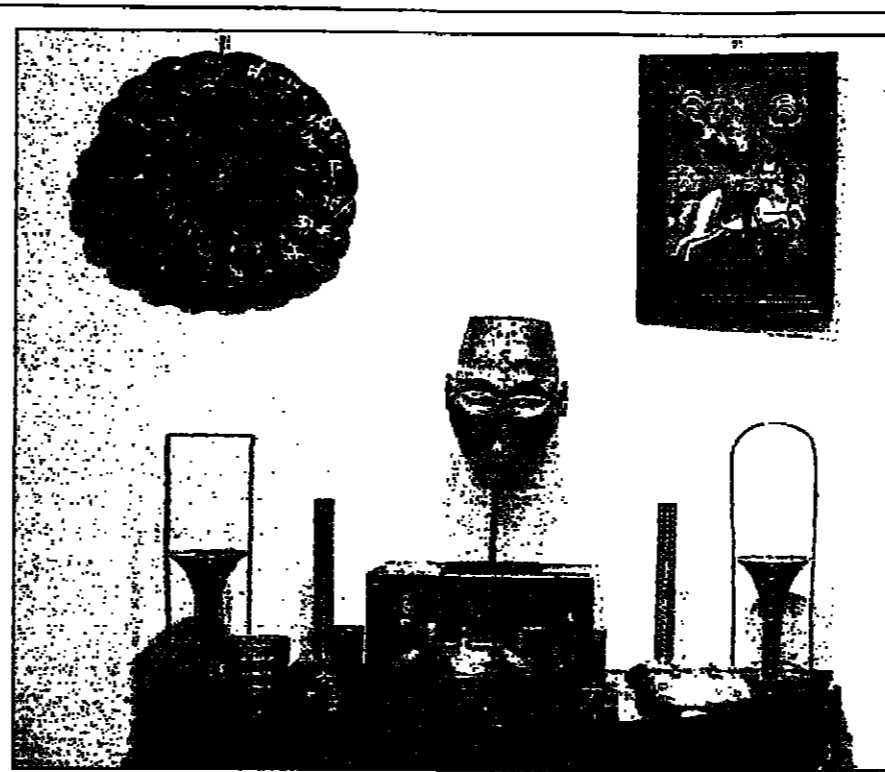
**A** LOT of people in London SW11 have no idea who they live. According to a survey by the Guardian's Martin Linton, who will be fighting Batterssea for Labour at the election, and Jane Mullan, there's an enclave around the junction where some say they live in Batterssea, some say Wandsworth (the old borough of Batterssea has been part of Wandsworth since 1965), still others say Clapham, and still others simply don't know. People in the same house, even the same family, gave contrary answers. The problem is the Junction. Known earlier as Felton Junction or Batterssea Junction, it was renamed Clapham Junction on grounds which mixed common sense with snobbery. Batterssea, the more accurate name, was thought to convey an image of poverty, whereas Clapham, "most famous of all Georgian suburbs", was the kind of place which even Lord Curzon might have considered visiting. So they settled on Clapham even though it wasn't in Clapham. Similar calculations no doubt explain why Willesden Junction isn't in Willesden and Norwood Junction (originally known as The Jolly Sailor) isn't in Norwood.

**O**N Panorama on Monday Lord McAlpine said he might have to break the habits of a lifetime and vote Referendum Party rather than Tory. Isn't it time someone explained to this chap that now he's a peer he's no longer entitled to vote?

# The sub

Triviality unleashed





Leopold's wife, Elisabeth, above right, holds an African mask, one of several in the collection

PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID SILLITOE

Behind the shabby-genteel walls of this terrace house on the outskirts of Vienna lie a world-class art collection and the now-wealthy obsessive who has put it together over 50 years. Ian Traynor on the man and his passion

# The Getty of suburbia

**R**UDOLF LEOPOLD is restless. He can't sit still. His mind is somewhere else. As he sits chatting in the living room of his modest suburban terrace, he is clearly worried he might be missing something. The sharks of the fine arts salesrooms, his many enemies, his rivals in the salons of Vienna, London, New York or Zurich might at this very minute be pulling a fast one. His is a suspicious mind, forever scheming. An obsessive character, Leopold is Austria's greatest art collector, a cultural magpie of world renown. He is cantankerous and unerring in his passion for the glorious output of *fin-de-siècle* Vienna, the city of Freud, Mahler, Klimt, Schiele, the birthplace of The Modern.

At the age of 71, Leopold has devoted half a century to the unflagging pursuit and capture of paintings and *objets d'art*. The result is a collection of more than 5,000 pictures and pieces that at its core — hundreds of works by the early 20th century Viennese master, Egon Schiele — outstrips anything in the possession of the Austrian state. The collection, he brags, goes further, the world's galleries and museums combined cannot match it. Leopold is an unlikely connoisseur. Today he is a millionaire, as the most desirable items in his collection have rewarded his investment 10,000-fold. But it was not always so. Until recently, he was running up debts of scores of millions of pounds to satisfy his craving.

"Of course, I got into a lot of debt," he shrugs with the air of a man who enjoys supreme confidence in his own judgment. "I always got into debt. If there was something important to acquire because I couldn't let it go." To talk of money and personal wealth is to miss the point entirely, he makes clear. The driving force is to own great art. And then to own some more.

"It takes what amounts to an insatiable greed to keep adding to an already considerable collection," Leopold's friend and the former Salzburg curator, Otto Breicha, has written. "But an inveterate collector like Leopold can never assuage his hunger, because a collection can never reach the unattainable state of completeness."

"He's been collecting for 50 years and he's never really had any money," says a prominent Vienna art critic. "He lived constantly with the fear of running out of credit with the banks. He swapped stuff, he traded to get what he wanted. He's a maniac. But you need to be like that to do what he has done."

It is not wealth, nor upbringing, nor background, but pure congenital infatuation that drives Leopold. By profession he is an optician, as is his wife Elisabeth, originally of modest means from a solid middle-class family.

He has inhabited the same charming little house in the north Viennese suburb of Grinzing for decades. The property is completely inconspicuous, part of a shabby terrace of what were once vintners' cottages.

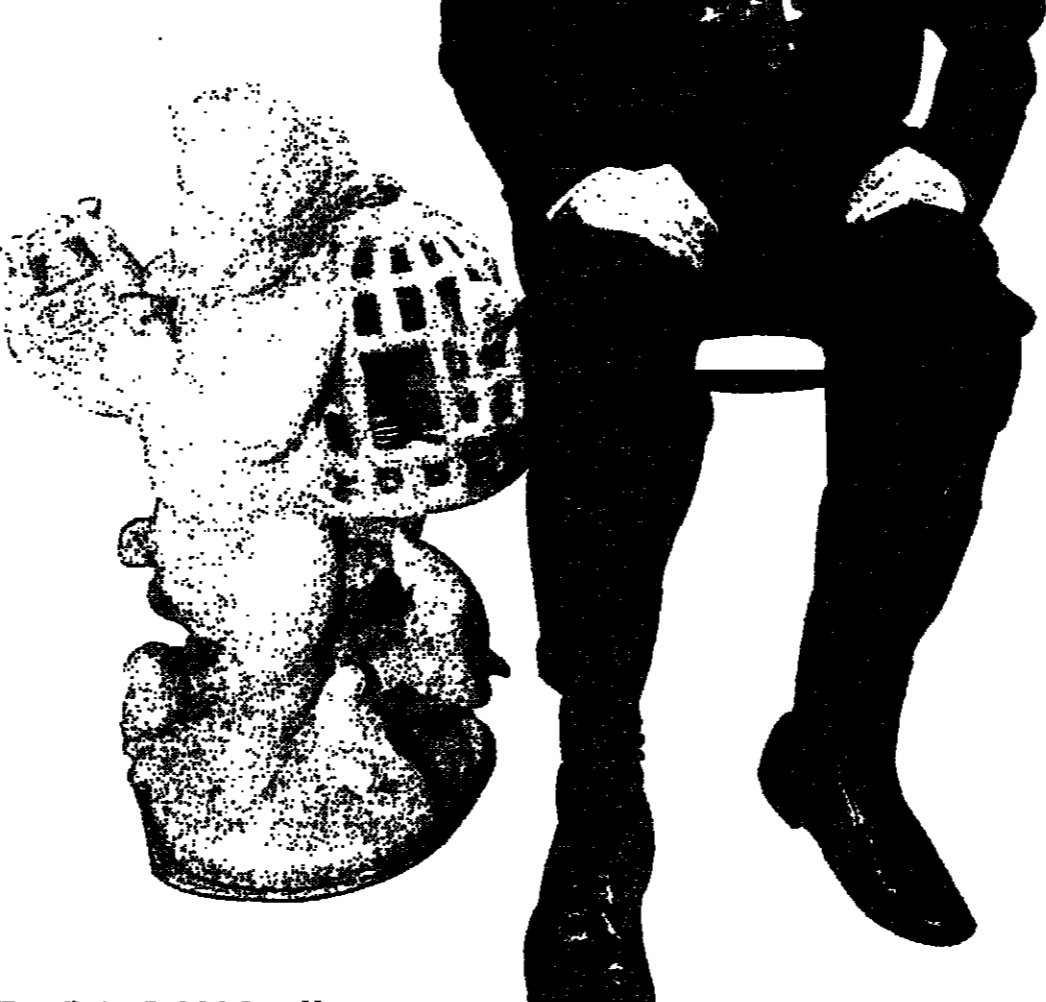
But to enter through the front door is to penetrate an extraordinary emporium in which every available inch of floor, wall, and shelf space is occupied by thousands of bits and bobs, from the priceless to the curious, hunted and gathered from every corner of the globe.

West African tribal masks jostle for space alongside art nouveau vases and figurines. The top of the grand piano, which Leopold plays, is covered by his valuable collection of ancient German beer jugs.

We are sitting under a large Schiele canvas, a sombre double self-portrait from 1915 entitled *Levitatio*. I am sitting on a spare, simple wooden chair. He ventures the throwaway remark: "Oh, that chair you're sitting on, we got that in New York, by Otto Wagner, 320,800 schillings (£20,000)."

He points along the wall. "That's another Wagner, the cupboard is Josef Hoffmann, that one is Kolo Moser, the cabinet is Adolf Loos." All of them, outstanding architects and designers of turn-of-the-century Vienna.

Leopold shows no trace whatsoever of being oppressed or intimidated.



The collector, Rudolf Leopold. The brain of the art history professor and eye of a painter

alarms. What if there was a fire? Belatedly, the house has had security and temperature control systems installed, but Leopold seems less than concerned. He complains he is cold and orders his wife to turn the heating on. No sooner has she obliged than he tells her to turn it off since it will damage the paintings.

Leopold has neither time nor inclination to enjoy his now formidable wealth. Not for him the gourmet luxury lifestyle of the international art jetsetter. He is infamous for showing up at art auctions.

was degrading, dehumanising and perpetuated "racist and sexist stereotypes by showing a black woman in a powerless and submissive position". That the model, Jodie Kydd, is white was an immediate goal for those in Leeds who saw a woman with big lips and assumed, with a certain racism, that she was black.

Reactions ranged from those who thought the ad told them they needed to be put on a leash by their husbands, to that of the black chair of the council's women's committee: "I never thought for a moment that she was black. But Harvey Nichols is saying, we recognise that you are successful and wealthy women so we are moving up here. Then they patronise us by telling us that we need to be led by them to be fashionable."

Thus what must have been meant as an in-your-face joke full of punning irony back-fired, especially when it was posted on a billboard next to a council ad about sexual abuse. Photographers love to talk about the power of images to shock, but there's nothing quite as shocking as being raped.

To my eye, the ad's reference is to the fashion industry's current preoccupation with sadomasochism and bondage, that supposedly stylish realm which began as a se-

cretive sexual sub-cult, launched its status as fashion through the magazine *Skin 2*, hit the club scene and, under the patronage of Jean-Paul Gaultier wound up on the catwalks: the reason why your teenage daughter has had her belly-button pierced or wears a chrome spiked leather collar and wrist bands.

Fashion always says it meant to offend nobody, that it has no intention of degrading women. Of course not. Nor did Rei Kawakubo mean to insult victims of the Holocaust when she sent his models out on to the catwalk last year in a collection reminiscent of concentration camp uniforms, a kind of Auschwitz chic. One designer confided in a fashion writer this year that he was planning a collection with a "Holocaust theme" and was advised that he should change his mind. Of course offence is given.

**D**ESIGNERS defend themselves by arguing that their work has "social responsibility". This started with fashion's attempt to acknowledge the devastating impact of AIDS on the industry. Suddenly designers no longer wanted to remain frivolous, they wanted their work to take on serious meaning by referring to events

they thought they should care about. But your average couturier is not an intellectual being and the results are embarrassing. It is difficult to manage a relationship between fashion and content when you spend your life in a world of style — how things look, not what they are for, or what they mean.

Seeing this, it's easy for realists to denounce fashion altogether. A woman in a dog collar isn't going to have much wit value if your old man beats you black and blue. But the old feminist line — that fashion and ads exploit women — does not say enough to most women who love to dress up. Dismissing them as dupes of a malevolent male-dominant scheme to keep women in chains does feminism no service.

My own recent novel, *The Cast Iron Shore*, followed the life from of a department store vendusee who joins the Communist Party in McCarthyite America but hangs on to her dress-sense. Fashion is caprice, insouciance and surface. The trick is not to imbue it with a content it doesn't have, but to acknowledge the truth that the social worker, the teacher, the policeman, the lawyer, and everyone else who works at the coalface of human suffering, likes to get changed, comb her hair, apply her

ously dismiss him as a mere optician, he complains. But he stresses he also studied art history and indeed he is now widely regarded as the world's foremost authority on Schiele.

"There is no history of art professor who can touch him," notes the Vienna critic. "He has a fantastic eye, absolutely unique. It's not just the famous paintings; his collection of Japanese, or Chinese, or African sculptures is exquisite. There's no one else like him."

The critic is not revealing anything the collector does not know already, because lack of self-confidence is not something that Leopold suffers.

"The secret of my success," he confides, "is that I have the brain of the art history professor and the eye of a painter."

He is equally forthright in justifying the great loves of his life. "You know, it is a mistake to say that Picasso is the greatest drawer of the 20th century. I am of the opinion that the two greatest drawers of this century are Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele. I'm not saying that because I'm Austrian or a chauvinist. If I talk of earlier centuries, I wouldn't include any Austrians. Hands are the hardest thing to draw for an artist. And since Albrecht Dürer, no one has drawn hands so magnificently as Schiele."

# Frivolity unleashed



© HARVEY NICHOLS LEADS (NOT FOLLOWS)

Leading question... Harvey Nichols withdrew this ad. Linda Grant argues, after the Leeds ad controversy, that the allure of the mode will always prevail

arts



After every 20th-century trauma a toy bear has come to make it better — Winnie-the-Pooh from the Somme, Paddington from the Holocaust. Even Dunblane, above, was deluged with them after the massacre. Veronica Horwell on why we reach for reassurance

Bear necessity

SHOOTING STARS



RIISING: ADAM CHALK

Up... A pupil of King's College School from the age of nine, Chalk breaks into the bigish-time, in a school production — and British premiere — of the 1920s American musical Good News. Singing his little heart out in the lead role, he's spotted, which leads to...

Up... Never The Sinner, a psychological courtroom drama based on the Leopold and Loeb homicide case, in which Chalk takes a starring role, and which garners great acclaim and near-capacity crowds in Edinburgh this summer. The play is spotted again, by producer Paul Spyer, who brings it to...

Up... The West End, Young Chalk, still a sprightly 18, out of school and planning university, takes to the stage of the Arts Theatre this week. All this, and his features adorning the new Twix advertising campaign.



FALLING: THE FALL'S MARK E SMITH

Going... 'I punish sloppiness,' says Mark E Smith at the peak of The Fall's powers. 'I run a tight ship.' It's true: he's revered as one of the finest lyricists of his time. But with those brazen words, Smith foreshadows a spectacular decline. Going... Tuesday of this week: The Fall at Worthing Assembly Hall. Well, sort of. Smith spends the day in the town's taverns, arrives an hour late for his gig, there's no lead guitarist, Smith throws the mike into the throng, assaults the roadie with his stand, goes off stage for 15 minutes, comes back shirtless and leering, goes off, comes on, leaves after 40 minutes.

Going... The Fall-out. The PA company withdraw from the tour. The band's promoters abandon them too. Worthing Council don't pay for the gig. The Folkstone show is cancelled. Ouch. And yet... 'I'm quite pleased,' says Ian Tim Kaye, 23. 'He treads a fine line between stupidity and brilliance.'

WAS in this boutique where the Tokyo Expressway ends at the base of Mount Fuji, and like shops in every Japanese high street it was given over to teddy bears. In fact, to Winnie-the-Pooh and Paddington. I picked up a Paddington and watched the sun on Fuji's snow and thought why is the most sentimentally sophisticated nation on earth besotted with bears? Why is the teddy bear as important to 20th-century iconography as cherubs were to the Renaissance?

If you seek ursine origins, the Oxford Dictionary will refer you to US president Theodore Roosevelt, who faced down his physical weaknesses by going west to ranch and hunt big game. Bears were his target of choice. "Cocking my rifle," he wrote of his first kill, "I found myself face to face with the great bear not eight steps off." His nerve held stolidly steady through a miners' strike in his first year of office in 1902, when he brokered the men a 10 per cent rise. So he was at peak popularity when he arbitrated a border dispute down in Mississippi. His hosts arranged a hunt, but in the empty woods could only locate a bear cub. Teddy disdained to shoot it, and the Washington Star cartoonist drew him turning away from the pitiful creature.

Legend has it that Morrie and Rose Michom, Russian immigrants, kept a small New York novelty shop, and Rose used a recent textile invention, mohair plush, for a toy to display with the cartoon, labelled "Teddy's Bear". There is a rival Euro-claim, from Margarete Steiff, a south German soft toy

maker. In the late 19th century nurseries already had "bruns", stuffed bears on all fours, and posh parties had delicate clockwork bear automata. When Steiff's nephew joined her workshop, he developed a plush bear based on drawings from Stuttgart Zoo; a New York buyer scouting for something new ordered 3,000 on the last day of the 1903 Leipzig Toy Fair. By 1907, the Steiff Bärenjahre (year of the bear) the orders were a million.

The bear, then, seems to have appeared at the precise moment when a vacancy opened for both a new commodity — and a mythical beast — of childhood. In the industrialised nations, the middle class had expanded: there were more, and more comfortable, family homes with mass-produced goods for children replacing home-made folk toys or expensive crafted miniatures. It is to this period we owe much of our sense of what the life of an under-seven child should be like: stable, separate from the adult household, with bland food and lighter colours; mother and/or a servant should be available but the child should have privacy and individual creative play. "Safe were those evenings of the pre-war world," When firelight shone on green linoleum," wrote John Betjeman in Summoned by Bells. This childhood referred back to Rousseau's and Wordsworth's ideals, but it was now made available to a wider market, and promoted in fiction and advertising.

The psycho-professionals were then in their own infancy, and bears were rendering emotional services well before psychologists

described them as "transitional objects": these are both "memory mothers" — a reminder of the mother's availability when she isn't there — and blank substitute selves with which to experiment socially. "And turned to Archibald," Betjeman went on, "my safe old bear... Whose woolen eyes looked sad on glad at me, / Whose half-moon ears received my confidence."

Bears were permissible toys for boys; early US ones came dressed as firemen, cops or members of Roosevelt's Rough Riders cavalry. They were wild things with growing mechanisms, though in their claws were soon no more than vestigial stitches. (Roosevelt, by the way, loathed the beasts.) Within a decade they were any middle-class baby's first possession: there are uncountable studio portraits from 1910-25 of child and bear.

Look at these and you will see that the bears resemble less a muzzled grizzly than their child owners. Their expressions, gestures and postures are those of a child old enough to sit unsupported and perhaps just able to walk. Another transition was made in adult heads; the bear "became" the child, or a euphemism for the child. Think how often an abandoned or damaged bear is used in ads, movies or newspaper photos to suggest something we cannot endure to see, whatever our bloody entertainment tastes: the corpse of a child, or bow such toys, or funerary flower offerings in their shape, now mark the death of children.

And bears, battered and furless, remain as spirit repositories of

childhood selves. One of the key texts is Evelyn Waugh's novel, Brideshead Revisited, in which he describes the 1923 Oxford of his own youth. Charming Sebastian Flyte, aged 19, scion of an ancient, sad, line, enchants the narrator by taking him for a picnic and a spin to the ancestral home with Sebastian's bear, Aloysius, between them: "Take care he's not sick."

Waugh uses Aloysius anecdotes to establish Sebastian's appeal. The narrator first bears Sebastian's name and title from an Oxford barber, who has had "ample chance to tire of undergraduate fantasy", but was "plainly captivated" by "The Marquis of Marchmain's second boy". Sebastian has just ordered an ivory-backed hairbrush to threaten Aloysius "with a spanking when he was only".

Since the rest of Waugh's Oxford character-through-objects, like the narrator's Medical Press edition of A Shropshire Lad, is spot-on, presumably the bear was precisely observed. Now a Victorian undergraduate, if moneyed or well-connected, could have been barking but would have passed unremarked if his eccentricities were robust. The public appearance of Aloysius, however, had to wait until a display of quasi-innocence was acceptable in young men. By the 1920s, when a generation had had the innocence beaten out of them in the Great War, innocence must have seemed a retrospective state of grace. The bear was seen as belonging not only to a child's personal Age of Innocence but already to an historic Golden Age of security.

"Sebastian is in love with his own childhood," remarks Marchmain's Italian mistress. "That will make him very unhappy." An unvoiced association of bears with melancholy, and some blessed state soon to be lost, seems to have been a prevailing mood. In 1923, Alan Alexander Milne was a 41-year-old professional writer and amateur golfer. In youth, he had used his natural facility for dashing off light comedies to earn a good living at Punch with froth about girls called Cynthia and Dahlia, and had gone on to write internationally successful plays about battered toasts and housemaid trouble.

Milne was an innate pacifist, but had felt obliged to join up in 1918; by 1919, he was a signals expert on the Somme, repairing the front's crude tele-

phone lines under fire before Mametz Wood, a name which resonates still with horror. That winter he was invalided home with trench foot. The money he earned through written nonsense paid for a very dependent wife: a son, Christopher Robin, born in 1920; and a brother slowly dying of TB. Milne drifted in 1923 into writing verse for children. His first collection, When We Were Young (decorated by Punch artist E.H. Shepherd), had such a direct line to the times that many copies were bought by adults for adults, and Milne was immediately a cult, a man attributed with access back to innocence. Those who read the poems felt that Christopher Robin... "saying his prayers" was innocence. Kermit and Teddy Inn, Roosevelt's sons, called on Milne en route to shoot tigers in Indo-Turkistan, to get their copies signed: Theodore was almost in tears because he only had an American first edition.

A sequel made his fame so intense that on Christmas Eve 1925, the main banner headline across the front of the London Evening News simply read "A Children's Story by A. A. Milne". Milne, pressed for time and inspiration, had written down a bedtime story about Christopher Robin's bear, bought in Harrod's for the boy's first birthday.

Milne's workload not being daunting that winter, a book containing the episodic activities of a

bear named Winnie-the-Pooh was soon ready and he supervised its production, working with E.H. Shepherd, for whom he did not much care — Shepherd had enjoyed his war. The collaboration continued through the sequel, The House at Pooh Corner. Pooh's appearance was based on Growler, the genuinely loved toy of Shepherd's own son; but Pooh's psychological identity, as you may understand by reading O.R. Milne's painful autobiography, The Enchanted Places, was Milne's construction. I don't want to sound like a pastiche scholar in The Pooh Perplex, but true innocence has been transferred from the child Christopher Robin to Pooh. As Milne's biographer Ann Thwaite writes, Pooh is at once "childlike, egotistical, humorous, boastful and self-deprecating... brave and unselfish", and accepts "things without really understanding them" — much of the Great War soldier about that last one.

Most of us share with Dorothy Parker an allergic reaction to Milne's private-world-in-Chelsea mannerisms: "And it is that word 'bummy', my darlings," Parker snarled, "that marks the first place... at which Tomstant Weader followed up." But the last two pages of Pooh do express a boy/man's sense of loss as he moves towards the values and work-schedules of the adult world, leaving the bear behind in safe stasis, custodian and representative of what he once was: "I'm not going to do Nothing any more," says Christopher Robin. "Well, not so much. They don't let you."

Which is why, I suppose, the Japanese with their genius for knowing when they see a symbol for transitoriness, for the pathos of things, are arctophiles (bear lovers) to a man. The two commonest words in Japanese literature are "sadness" and "nostalgia". Paddington is nostalgically sad, too; according to Michael Bond's recent autobiography Bears And Forebears, his sadness and displacement were unconsciously based on world war two refugees stranded in Paddington, where Bond lived when he wrote the first book in 1958. I had always wondered why, since he was a Peruvian emigré, Paddington's native language did not seem to be Spanish. Of course, it must have been Yiddish.

And I forgot an important fact. You remember Teddy's bear, the cub he wouldn't shoot? It wasn't freed. Somebody dispatched it with a knife.



Top: Some of thousands of bears left at Dunblane. Left: Paddington, a Jewish refugee? MAIN PHOTO: MURDO MACLEOD

Last week, Keith Burstein attacked atonal music as elitist. Composer Thomas Adès tells him to go back to cranking out laments for Bosnia

The art of noise

Provocations

IN 1919 the German composer Hans Pfitzner was writing a cantata, On The German Soul, which he hoped would take the world by storm. Avid for popularity, he published an attack on his struggling contemporaries Schoenberg, Berg and Webern. Look at Schumann, he told them. Every drawing room in Europe has its copy of Träumerei; everyone loves it, and what's more, even you must admit it's a masterpiece. Alban Berg responded with an analysis of Träumerei, proving it a brilliant bit of technical engineering. Schumann sets himself task after task; these are apprecia-

ble by the connoisseur, but only subliminally to the amateur. There isn't a wasted note. What Pfitzner, like the current crown prince of easy-listening apologists, failed to notice were the great heaps of musical detritus written for the very market Schumann gave Träumerei. Thousands of disposable pieces, written by men without ambition or imagination — Ludwig Berger, Wilhelm Taubert, Julius Rietz, author William Sterndale Bennett, for that matter.

English music was crippled for two centuries by the ugly national mistrust of art. Try naming a single world-class masterpiece of English music between 1700 and 1899. You can't; there isn't one.

Pfitzner was still happily at work when Nazi propagandists branded England "the land without music". They were quick to jeer at the ease with which Handel and Mendelssohn have conquered the English ear with their shameless Continental professionalism. Sir Thomas Beecham was right: "The English can't stand music, but they absolutely love the noise it makes." "Music" is what Berg found in Träumerei: something deeply private, internal, secret, necessarily obscure. "The noise it makes", on the other hand, is what misleads dilettantes like the journalist Keith Burstein and the academic Sir James Beament (Letters, Thursday) into claiming some "logical

LET THE SCALES FALL FROM YOUR EARS.



connection" between the naturally occurring overtone series and what they call "beautiful music". I'm sure Sir James's knighthood was "logical" given whatever his achievements in agriculture have been, but he certainly didn't get it for his musical acumen. Only a don could still need to be told that art has precious little to do with logic, and music least of all. Their appeal to science would be more convincing if either of them could get their facts right: both fudge the

numbers. The fact is that the overtone series is infinite; rich in what Burstein called "dissonances", besides, it can be used to support any system at all.

As for the anti-style in which Burstein's own compositions founder, somewhere between an organist's improvisation manual and an A-level aural test, it's about as natural as Bobby Crush in plastic shoes. His claim that Mozart's work owes its beauty to the overtone series is a harmless lie, but to call middle-of-the-road posters Oasis the envy of every other culture; it may take decades but one day every member of the public will feel the benefits of this international success. This situation implies a culture brave enough to allow art to seem strange, difficult, even unsettling. A new score — a great one might appear once a year, once a

decade, once a century — can be as galvanising as a new planet, and as bewildering. Now, mediocre artists always attempt to capitalise on vestiges of public suspicion. Take Mr Burstein. His real concern isn't music, nor the noise it makes: it's money. He must know, deep down, that his music doesn't deserve any prizes; but he and his Hecklers will get by boozing nonogenarians, cranking out laments for Bosnia, Marchioness Requiems, Elegies for John Smith. Even if handbags are banned, there will always be another disaster for the Hecklers to hymn. But the rest of us should remember how long this country's philistinism fixed its musical status somewhere between Iceland and Bulgaria. We are finally on top; it's time for the cowards to start facing the music. No one knows what it will sound like: it may or may not have tunes; but it must, and will, be free.

Thomas Adès is Fellow Commoner in creative arts at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is currently working on a piece for the CSO and Simon Rattle

Handwritten signature or text at the bottom of the page.

Vertical advertisement on the right edge of the page, featuring the text 'Street life' and 'Wide at heart'.

CHANNEL SURFING STUART JEFFRIES

Street life

EVERYTHING was slower then. And the service at the corner shop was no exception. "Are you going to buy that loaf?" asked Tricia Hopkins finally, breaking off from a hard day's gossiping over the counter. "No, I'm just standing on line for a cat," said Emily Bishop, more sharp-tongued than memory serves. "Well, give us 17 pence and we'll call it Tiddies."

WAVE RIDING ANNE KARPE

and exercised it with abandon. Not content with haranguing her ex-husband (a feisty performance by Alex Jennings), she also laid into the an' pair and the in-laws, demanding recognition of her heroic industry in raising a little musical genius.

Wilde at heart

FORGET paracetamol, aspirin, Night Nurse. When you're poorly and under the duvet, there's no balm like a portable radio play - the hammer the better. But not every subject can be given the treatment with impunity, and it was a little disturbing to hear *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* (Radio 4) rendered into an adequate but pedestrian drama with the usual series of end-to-end aphorisms (which not even the performance of Simon Russell Beale could animate). It was a little as if Wilde's sexuality was being domesticated for the Radio 4 audience, but it was a long, two-part play, and maybe it scored in its later stages. I couldn't make myself persevere long enough to find out.

Michael Billington on how actors are learning to play American Yankness — we got it

THE revival CAN British actors embrace the punishing physicality of Sam Shepard's *Fool For Love*? I had my doubts at the National in 1984 when they seemed to be playing a difficult away-game. But in Ian Brown's echoing revival at the Donmar Warehouse, Lorraine Ashbourne and Barry Lynch, who is actually Irish, get much closer than their forebears to the bruising frenzy of this strange piece of desert Strindberg. They play Eddie and May: two characters playing a cat-and-mouse game in a motel room on

shovelling or pouring vast quantities of unhealthy filth into his mouth. There was once a choice scene at the Rover's when Hilda bought Stan a half. The import of his subsequent complaint was: woman, you have callously slashed at my very masculinity. Manhood came in pints in Stan's world.

There was an unexpectedly affecting scene in which Hilda asked Emily, Tricia and Annie Walker what they thought of a lacy smock she had bought to try to look younger. It was a touching thing that made her look merely silly. But only Tricia had the cruel kindness to tell her what anybody else with eyes to see was thinking: you are mutton dressed as lamb, Mrs Ogden. Jean Alexander's face ran through embarrassment and shame and back again before she fled from the shop to change out of the top for good.

Coronation Street is being coproduced in Stan-sized portions, far too big for anyone to take in without seriously damaging their health. Granada Plus is screening two episodes every weekday evening and one at breakfast, plus a weekend omnibus. Tonight it is showing a three-hour themed evening entitled *The Lives And Loves Of Edna Barlow*. And all this before Coronation Street 1996-style is broadcast four times a week. It's going to be very hard to ignore Coronation Street in future.

Which is more than can be said for *Aldon Marker* (Granada Plus), a soap that didn't take. On Thursday they showed the first episode from 1985, a clamouring instalment crammed with establishing detail. It was a sad experience: all that effort, all those ghosts who never became memorable enough to haunt us.

*Frasier* (Channel 4), too, had its ghost, the spectral Diane, who had left Frasier at the altar in Boston only to track him down in Seattle years later. She was a playwright now and had recreated the bar at Cheers as the set for her latest work. For Frasier, as for us, this was an uncanny experience and not a pleasant one, like interfering with the bones of the dead. Though the first half of the show was an elegantly witty as ever, the second collapsed into surrealism. Emotional truth should have no place in Frasier's screwball world.

THE SET is a lounge. Maybe this is a sardonic joke. Long one of the most popular bands in the UK, The Prodigy received paltry mainstream media coverage until *Firestarter* hit Number One earlier this year and its unerring video finally shot them into living rooms across the country. More likely, they just fancied the idea of a front room stage set. The Prodigy don't lumber themselves with unnecessary sophistication. That's part of their appeal.

The future

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Hormone conquest

Cortes triumphs again... but only in the field of public relations. Judith Mackrell finds the 'sex god' merely mortal

The hype

IT'S HARD to look dispassionately at any man who's been personally dressed by Armani, has been described as "pure sex" by Elle MacPherson and is alleged to turn on women by the thousands wherever he dances. Wouldn't you have to have problems with your hormones not to love him too?

But there's another reason why it's hard to get a straight view of flamenco star Joaquin Cortes — he's been obscured by such a blizzard of hype. For weeks, his publicists have been trumpeting the advent of "a pagan sex god" and his photograph — a study in black-browed intensity and sensual arrogance — has been smouldering on the walls of every tube station in London. He's been advertised as one of the world's greatest dancers and the man who's transformed the art of flamenco. (In Spain, they're so thrilled with their new export that they've named a public square after him.)

Yet there's probably not a dancer in the world who could live up to such image-mongering — and in cold fact there's nothing in Cortes's show *Gypsy Passion* that matches the thrill of his poster. Nothing except perhaps his first entrance. As dry ice swirls magically around a stagelike flickering candle, we suddenly spot Cortes stalking slowly down the long centre aisle of the Albert Hall, wearing only a black sarong. With his dark hair flowing, his face chiselled in a beam of golden light he makes out the most ancient deity. Primed for sexual frisson, at least some in the audience squeal...

However Cortes's absolute gift for posing turns out to be the key to what is otherwise a surprisingly small talent. In serious dance terms he certainly possesses rare qualities of style and sculptural clarity which mean that when he braces his arms in his signature "Eagle" pose or arches backwards in fervent supplication, he can genuinely make an audience hold its breath. But the rest of his technique scores only average points. Much has been made of the fact that he's both flamenco and ballet trained, that he can turn a decent pirouette as well as stamp nifty percussive riffs with his feet. Yet he rarely attempts anything more taxing and he's frequently outdanced by the two other men in the show — his uncle, flamenco veteran Chelobol Reyes, whose footwork is far speedier and more subtle, and ex-Ballet dancer Marco Berriel.



Surprisingly small talent... Joaquin Cortes is frequently outdanced by his uncle

Even more surprisingly, given our lavish expectations, there's barely a whiff of animal magnetism about his performance. Cortes just doesn't look hungry. His movements don't eat up the space and though he may flirt with us, we don't feel the force of his will. In fact, his most electrifying moments are those where he appears in close-up on the two screens that beam out live images of the show. Cortes is a star of video, not of the stage.

He may look better in someone else's choreography, but his own (and this is the next disappointment) is unsophisticated and dull. His much vaunted "flamenco fusion" turns out to be very traditional-looking moves with some added rock-star preening for himself and a few extra high kicks and jumps for the women in his company. (Sensibly his co-stars Reyes and Berriel dance their own choreography.) Cortes doesn't invent, he just strings together steps.

Of course, the show isn't meant to be judged as pure dance, more as a rock spectacular with its big lighting effects, amplified band and catwalk costumes and, as such, it has been trashed by purists. I have to admit here that my own bias is also for the dourst kind of flamenco. What I really love are those dumpy, cross-looking women who come on stage as if they were going to murder and then unleash demons on to the stage — their feet trampling ancient griefs, their arms ululating rites of passion. I love those middle-aged men who look as if they might choke on their pride but who dance like angels. I love the intensity of a single dancer hammering rhythms so fast and complex that you feel the surrounding space ready to shatter.

But flamenco obviously can't exist in a time warp, and where Cortes's show makes really interesting progress is in its music. Composed by Pare "El Montoyita" and Juan Parrilla, it adds flutes, violin and double bass to the traditional guitars, and builds up a complex play of rhythms and colours. The singers, particularly the women, raise the hair on the back of your neck.

Yet they are essentially singing in a vacuum. When you see and hear a really great flamenco show the performers become almost impersonal conductors of rhythm and emotion. They plug into a history, a culture much larger than themselves. The disappointment of *Gypsy Passion* is that even with its high-tech trappings it doesn't add up to a powerful event. The emotion is too glibly manufactured, the climax too stage-managed and the images too facile. Even the water, which sprays to such suggestive excess from Cortes's hair, doesn't look like real sweat — he hasn't danced hard enough to produce it. So, however expertly he works on his audience, drumming up little bursts of hysterical applause, his dancing doesn't cast a spell. On Thursday the crowd were fidgeting and chattering, and some even walked out. Cortes may sell out wherever he dances, but it is a triumph of hype over experience.

Is this the best live band in Britain? Probably. David Bennun gets down with The Prodigy in Brighton

Prodigious talent

The future

THE SET is a lounge. Maybe this is a sardonic joke. Long one of the most popular bands in the UK, The Prodigy received paltry mainstream media coverage until *Firestarter* hit Number One earlier this year and its unerring video finally shot them into living rooms across the country. More likely, they just fancied the idea of a front room stage set. The Prodigy don't lumber themselves with unnecessary sophistication. That's part of their appeal.

Then there's the other dancer, Keith. Keith is the face of The Prodigy, a burning, studded, violently-coiffed face. He perfectly represents the notion of the band as electronic punks. His catchphrase is "Aaaaaaargh!" and he uses it in pale beside the slower and more incendiary *Poison* — mockingly dedicated to one C J Bolland, who borrowed from it on his recent hit, *Sugar Is Sweeter*, much as Jesse James used to borrow from banks — and the ferocious Woodoo People, while a clutch of new tracks

promise that the next Prodigy album will be another extraordinary piece of work. The venue was packed with early to mid-teens, the only people with the energy levels to truly appreciate a Prodigy gig. The band have reached this audience without a hint of pandering or compromise. They no longer bother to play any of the huge hits from their first album. That's nostalgia. The Prodigy are perfectly modern. It's everybody else who needs to keep up.

The Prodigy play Brighton Academy tomorrow night.

Far from being exhausted by a summer on the festival circuit, The Prodigy have returned more thrilling than ever. Since the release of their 1994 album, *Music For The Jilted Generation*, they have been the most exciting live rock'n'roll act in the country. Oasis notwithstanding. Not bad for a band whose music is produced almost entirely through a large bank of gadgets. The Prodigy have one musician, Liam, and three frontmen. MC Maxim is the vocalist. Mainly, he shouts. He has a rubber-and-iron larynx, flexible and unfeasibly durable. Not once does he lose his pace or his pitch. He's not a rapper, nor does he attempt to be; he's more an MC in the old-fashioned sense. He holds things together and keeps them moving. Meanwhile Leeroy, a man constructed from pipe cleaners, performs unique, undulating dances as if he learned to use his limbs via a correspondence course.

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The violently coiffed Keith... His catchphrase is 'Aaaaaaargh'

Charles Dickens On Tour *Hard Times* Philip Madoc Janet Brown Ken Farrington Tom Cotcher Aled Jones

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Golf

India add to Scots' roll of dishonour

David Davies at St Andrews

THERE have been many Scottish sporting embarrassments but the latest one, perhaps, takes the poppydom. To a long list of scorelines like Costa Rica 1, Scotland 0 and Iran 1, Scotland 1 at soccer and Paraguay 2, Scotland 1 at golf, add another imperishable: India 2, Scotland 1.

Despite having every conceivable advantage in yesterday's round of the Dunhill Cup, the team representing the home of golf, at the home of golf in typically raw, unruly Scottish weather, contrived to lose to a team of unranked and unremarked Indian players.

Furthermore Colin Montgomerie, the world No. 3 and the European No. 1 for the past four years, lost to Garyy Chel, who has won in Chandigarh and Kathmandu but never dreamed of a moment like this.

Montgomerie birdied the last to break 80 but Chel, plainly nervous, played the final hole with a drive that finished up against the out-of-bounds fence to the right of the first hole, two scuffed shots on to the green and two tentative but successful putts.

That left the contest balanced at 1-1 and Andrew Coltart had to go to extra holes with India's best player Jeev Singh. Both hit the first green but Coltart, from 35 feet, left his first putt four feet short and then missed that one as well.

Coltart was lucky to get that chance. Singh, also obviously nervous, had an eight-foot putt for a birdie on the last to win outright, but hit it too softly.

"What can I say?" said Montgomerie afterwards. It only needed Peter Sellers to add "Goodness gracious me!" The wind should have been a help to the Scots but hindered the whole field. Helping on the front nine, it brought about some horrendous backrines. Mark Mouliand and Jonathan Lomas both took 45, Emanuele Canonica 43 and even Nick Price needed 41.

England, despite a solid lead from the top from Barry Lane, surrendered their last two matches rather tamely to the United States. Lane had to take on Mark O'Meara, who on Thursday had gone round

St Andrews in 63 with a six at the 17th. This time the American took 12 shots more. He again double-bogied the Road Hole while Lane, remarkably, had 16 successive pars. But behind them Jonathan Lomas and Steve Stricker were busily passing the parcel, with the American going out in 38 to hand the Englishman a four-stroke lead. Stricker got two of those back at the 12th, with a birdie to a bogey, and then Lomas hit two successive drives out of bounds at the 14th. That meant a nine and the effective end of the contest.

Now it was down to Lee Westwood and Phil Mickelson, the latter the leader of the American Money List this year and a winner of four tournaments. But Westwood, a tournament winner himself, does not lack confidence and despite being three down at the turn he fought back to be level after 14 and one ahead after 15.

Mickelson, one of the world's great putters, was holding nothing, finding difficulty, as were others, in controlling the putter head and the putting stroke in increasingly strong winds. But trailing by one shot meant that something had to be done, and his immediate answer was to hit his second at the 18th to five feet and hole the birdie putt.

The American was outplayed at the 17th, pulling his second and chipping weakly to 12 feet. But, knowing that he had to hole it, and despite it being a right-to-left putt—a left-hander's nightmare—he hit it confidently into the hole.

By now a piper was practising on the embankment behind the R & A clubhouse and those doleful strains have never done much for the English. Westwood was shorter off the tee than Mickelson at the 18th which had two advantages, giving him the chance to play a full shot and get maximum spin and to play, and get his blow in, first.

Instead he left his ball 15 feet short of the pin and Mickelson, with a deft pitch and run, ran his to five feet. It earned him a vocal salutation of "Yeah" from a lone American spectator and, almost inevitably, he holed after Westwood had, of all things, left his first putt short.



What do I do now? ... Japan's Kazuhiro Takami seeks inspiration from his inscrutable caddy

Kite flying spurs Ballesteros to recall former glories

Michael Britten in Madrid

THE GLORY days have lately been fewer and further between but the competitive fire still burns fiercely within Seve Ballesteros, especially when a Ryder Cup opponent is around. When the American is Tom Kite, his rival captain for next

year's match at Valderrama, the Spanish sorcerer can be relied upon to summon strokes of genius from his remarkable repertoire. He scored a second-round 66 in the Oki Pro-Am at La Moraleja yesterday, sinking the 20-yard bunker shot at the 7th and producing an eagle and two birdies in the last five holes. It propelled Ballesteros,

who scored the last of his 54 European Tour victories in the Spanish Open in Madrid 17 months ago, one shot ahead of the 46-year-old Texan and into the half-way lead alongside Yorkshire's Stuart Cage, the Swede Joakim Haeggman and another Spaniard Pedro Linhart at six under par. "It was one of my best rounds of the year," said

Ballesteros, who holed from six yards to birdie the 14th, and also for his eagle three at the 16th after clearing the water with a mental four-wood. From the clubhouse he charged down a 10ft gully for his fifth birdie at the short 17th. "I know how much we both want to play at Valderrama," smiled Kite, "so credit me for his revival."

Sport in brief

Top Olympians lash 'confused' Britain

OLYMPIC competitors have condemned the "fragmented and confused" structure of British sport and criticised administrators as they called for immediate action to smooth the way to the Sydney Games of 2000. They want less bureaucracy, more financial help for elite athletes, and a key role for the new UK Sports Council.

The blueprint for success was drawn up by members of the Top 100 Club at a one-day seminar in London following Britain's disappointing performance in Atlanta. It was chaired by the rower Jonny Searle, who won a bronze, and included three silver medalists—the athletes Iwan Thomas and Jamie Baulch as well as the yachtsman Ben Ainslie.

Clubs skating on thin legal ice

CLUBS unlawfully terminating playing contracts affecting their members are being threatened with "the strongest possible action" by the Ice Hockey Players Association. "It's disappointing that so early in the season some clubs are releasing players or terminating employment without following their own contractual terms and conditions," said the IHPA secretary Joanne Collins yesterday. "Clubs are openly inviting legal proceedings and the IHPA will be instructing its solicitors to act on behalf of those players who have valid claims for damages," added Collins, who identified the Castlereagh, Dumfries and Kingston clubs as being among those she considered at fault.

Super League an 'exhibition'

THE AUSTRALIAN Rugby League yesterday launched a 12-team competition for 1997 after its naming sponsor, Optus, dismissed Rupert Murdoch's rival Super League as "a series of exhibition matches." The AFL chief executive, John Guscov, said the Premiership would begin on March 14 in direct competition with a likely 10-team Super League in Australia.

Geoffrey Cousins, chief executive of Optus, said of the Premiership: "This is the real thing." While the full Premiership programme will not be released until next week, it will kick-off with a match between Parramatta and North Sydney.

Benn hauled before board

NIGEL BENN must appear before the British Boxing Board of Control next month over an alleged bust-up in a London nightclub in which a man was reportedly left needing 106 facial stitches. Benn will appear at the next board meeting shortly after his WBO super-middleweight title rematch with Ireland's Steve Collins on November 9 in Manchester.

Mongia's maiden century

NAYAN MONGIA's maiden Test century put India in command of the one-off match against Australia in New Delhi yesterday. The opener and wicketkeeper hit 137 not out to lead India to a second-day total of 319 for six, 137 ahead. Mongia's previous highest score in 13 Tests was 80 against West Indies at Bombay in 1994. He received admirable support from Sanjay Ganguly, who made 66.

The Sussex fast bowler Ed Giddins will have his appeal against a 20-month ban for taking cocaine heard by the TCCB on November 9.

Johnson breaks tour record

BRIAN JOHNSON hit nine birdies and a hole in one to break the American Express Tour record with an 11-under-par 62 in the opening round of the French Open at Arras yesterday. Seven of Johnson's birdies came in the first 13 holes then he holed an eight-iron tee shot at the 121-yard 14th.

Jackman on course for final

NORFOLK'S Castle Jackman routed Germany's Sabine Schöne 9-4, 9-2, 9-5 and then saw an unexpected path open up to the World Open squash final when the defending champion and No. 1 Michelle Martin was also beaten in Malaysia yesterday. Martin lost her quarter-final to a fellow Australian, the No. 5 Liz Irving, 4-8, 10-4, 9-5, 9-5, in only 46 minutes.

Advertisement for EA Sports Golf. Text: "Many believe golf is the most challenging game on earth... now you can Prove it." Includes an image of a golf ball and the EA Sports logo.

Table of sports fixtures including Nationwide League, Scottish League, FA Cup, and various regional leagues. Columns list teams and scores.

EA Sports logo and website information. Text: "www.easports.com". Includes a small graphic of a golfer.

Large vertical advertisement on the right edge of the page, partially cut off. Text includes "York with TV" and "BE A SUCCESSFUL FIRST PAST THE".



Soccer

United profit from phantom takeover

Tony May

TAKEOVER bid that never happened pushed Manchester United's value up by £39 million — almost three Alan Shearers — to £319 million yesterday as speculation continued to swirl around the club.

hing to secure control of the club. But as the share price reached 517p, United took the unusual step of issuing a public statement denying that any or all of the Granada television and hotels group, the Whitbread pubs and restaurants group, or United News and Media were about to take control.

pany. The board is not aware of any proposals. Whitbread, URM and Granada also kept their distance although City observers said their statements of denial did not rule out the prospect of trading links or a deal of some kind.

ternazionale £2.5 million for the forward. Carbone admitted he had even taken a pay cut in his desire to get away from Inter and their English coach Roy Hodgson.

where David Fleet plays me. Money is not as important as the football. As soon as I heard Wednesday were in for me, I took my boots away from Inter's training ground and said my goodbyes.

is set to end his unsuccessful time with Nottingham Forest by joining Venezia in a deal ultimately worth £900,000 — half the fee Forest paid Torino at the start of last season.

weeks in Scotland playing for Falkirk. Brighton have binned the photographer Stewart Weir from their ground for three months for going onto the pitch to cover supporters' invasions during last week's match against Lincoln.

First Division Norwich 3, Ipswich 1 Burns recalls rebel

Patrick Glenn

CHERISHED by the fans but distrusted by the management, Pierre van Hooydonk will make an ambivalent return to the Celtic team to face Motherwell at Parkhead today.

Baby, just look at him now

Martin Thorpe on the striking arrival from Norway of Ole Gunnar Solskjaer

IT WAS too good to last. The arrival of baby-faced Ole Gunnar Solskjaer at Manchester United must have persuaded Alex Ferguson that he had signed a saint

the ball. He's made all the players sit up in training and take note of his technique and finishing. Apart from owning the fastest feet in the west — Eric Cantona likes him — Solskjaer is that at 28 in he gets knocked off the ball too easily. Predictably he is working on that. Harder to handle is the adoring publicity.



The baby-faced assassin... Solskjaer's instant impact at Old Trafford is acknowledged by Cantona

And what did the silly boy do? On Wednesday he signed as his personal manager the disgraced agent Rune Hauge, the other man at the centre of the George Graham bung scandal who could face a jail term for fraud back in Norway over the sale of players to Arsenal and Nottingham Forest and is currently banned by Fifa from being an agent.

He may be unassuming but he knows what he wants: to play his beloved football to the highest level. When Molde, of the Norwegian Premier Division, wanted to buy him from the neighbouring Second Division club Clausengen in 1993, Solskjaer declined.

He scored five goals in his first two games for them last season and four in his first six games for the full Norway side. And though he played for Molde for only 18 months, he scored 20 league goals in 26 games in his last season there. Then came the big move this summer, when United, who had first spotted him in the Olympic side, beat Tottenham, Cagliari and Hamburg to his signature by offering £1.5 million, a record for a Norwegian player.

Not surprisingly the player is pretty happy, too. He has recently moved into a plush new house with his girlfriend Silje, has been enthusiastically embraced by his new teammates, especially Cantona whom he singles out as being of particular help, and he just cannot believe what has happened.

den periods without scoring. An added problem is that, because of the Norwegian season, he has not had a break from football since January. So, come the winter, he could well find the going tough. Again, predictably, Solskjaer is already aware of this. "I will do my best to make sure I don't have a dry spell in front of goal but in football you just never know. I am very pleased I have made an early impact but, if I don't play in the next match, I won't complain."

One wonders how long that will last now Hauge is around. HE MAY be clear about the route to goal, but he seems confused about his emotions. "Nerves? What are they?" he asked Alan Shearer. "Excitement, yes. Butterflies, sure. But I never get nervous." Hang on a minute, Alan. Let's go through this again. You never get nervous but you do get butterflies...

SO, WHAT is the difference between John Major and Hove Albion? John Major's Conference fears are over. And surely this cannot be right: Brighton fans heard singing "If you hate Bill Oddie clap your hands?". HE WILL try his hand at management himself one day, he says, but it will have to be the right job. Not for him a dead-end lower-division club where you can be the greatest manager in the world, but where it is difficult to get success and they just get somebody else. From Ian Ridley's book, Season in the Cold, 1992. The speaker? Archie Gemmill, recently sacked by Rotherham.

REMEMBER blood-spattered Terry Butcher who was fearlessly through any pain barrier to play for England? Well, he had to pull out of the mid-week game between the English press and Polish press. He had a voice-training lesson at the BBC.

Cardiff block Neal's move

Russell Thomas

PHIL NEAL found himself in soccer limbo yesterday when Cardiff City obtained a High Court injunction blocking his move to Manchester City as assistant to Steve Coppell.

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ALAN SHEARER yesterday dismissed fears about his health. It had been thought that the Newcastle and England striker might be out for six weeks after he visited a specialist in London but he said: "There is nothing to worry about."

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received a message that he had not boarded his flight and had not left the country. Keegan, sounding more puzzled than angry, delivered the news at his regular Friday press conference. "Faustino Asprilla has missed his flight back," said Keegan flatly. "We got a fax from Bogota saying he was stranded there because the plane couldn't go. But the plane did go and he wasn't on it. We don't know where he is."

TEAM SHEET

Blackburn v Arsenal Ray Harford's no-win league situation has prompted the inclusion of the untried teenager James Beattie and Damien Duff in a Blackburn squad missing his previous season's captain, Colin Hendry. Hendry, the same complaint that keeps out Dennis Bergkamp again as Arsenal manager, Ian Wright and John Hartson, recovered from an ankle injury, stay together up front.

Manchester U v Liverpool

Alex Ferguson can rest on all his laurels with the exception of Roy Keane, still recovering from knee surgery, and brother-in-law Andy Cole for this morning's meeting with the leaders Liverpool who are again without Robbie Fowler, whose ankle injury remains troublesome. Dominik Hasek, however, has recovered from a knee injury.

Derby v Newcastle

Paul Carrigan looks likely to make room for Paul McGrath. Derby's signing from Aston Villa, who is set to link up with Igor Simic and Gary Rowley in a three-man central defence. Newcastle have scooped claims that Alan Hogg has returned to a recurrence of a groin injury. Steve Howey, however, does have a call today.

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Michael O'Neill is likely to name an unchanged Leicester line-up. Spencer Prier has missed training with a stomach bug but is expected to be declared fit. Chelsea are without Gianluca Vialli and John Spencer (burning strain) and Michael Duberry (knee). But Eddie Newton is in the squad for the first time in seven months.

Talking about Tallinn

Soccer Diary

Martin Thorpe

WELL, Wednesday in Estonia, certainly gave the lie to the old cliché about it being a game of two halves. The question is, though: what would have happened in Tallinn if Scotland's captain John Collins had lost the toss? Or Collins had won the toss and invited Estonia to kick off?

And do you know the first feature film to be produced in newly independent Estonia? Yes, it was "Darkness in Tallinn". These are just some of the many magnificent facts to emerge from this Baltic saga.

S PARE a thought for the Ipswich manager George Burley. On Tuesday he is on a double scouting mission. First to Wolverhampton, to watch England Under-21. But a bomb scare delayed the kick-off until 10pm, and Burley had to miss the match to catch a plane to get to another game: Estonia v Scotland.

THERE are no known pictures of Roland Bengtsson former goalkeeper in action — no, not Tomaszewski, the Pope. Nick Hazlewood discovered this when he wrote off for information for his book on goalkeepers, In The Way. But the Vatican still tried to be helpful. It sent him a photograph of a pitch the Pope had played on.

THE annual Tory Party v Political Press game took place at Dean Court the other day. In the bar afterwards one of the Tory team asked Bournemouth's chairman Ken Gardiner: "So when's my trial?" Quite as a flash, given the Tories' sleazy problems, Gardiner replied: "Dorchester Crown Court, next Tuesday."

ON THE Wor path: the brewer Vaux, which sponsors Sunderland FC, has just appointed a new sales manager: Jackie Milburn, son of.

WAS it placed there especially for the Dinos faithful? In the middle of Monday's Gazette documentary, an advert for Orange.

TALKING of Gazza: "I don't want any more bad publicity or hassle. I don't want my son to grow up and hate me." And as for his love life: "I caused her a lot of upset. I used to get out drinking but now I've come to my senses, I've settled down." No, not Gazza, but Jimmy "Five Bellies" Gardiner. The pair share a friendship and, it seems, scriptwriter.

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Wimbledon v Sheffield W

Wimbledon are likely to name an unchanged side with Alan Kintle keeping the England Under-19 captain Ben Thatcher on the bench. Wednesday's Italian import Benito Carbone will not figure at Selhurst Park where, with Des Walker suspended, Lee Briscoe is likely to play.

Coventry v Southampton

Coventry will be without Regis Gonsaux with a groin injury suffered in a comeback game in the reserves. Graeme Souness is poised to give debut to the latest winger Eyal Berkovic and the Norwegian striker Eirik Carmichael. Jason Dodd, Alan Neilson and Dave Beasant may return after injury.



Performance of the week: Alan Shearer, England's saviour against Poland on Wednesday at Wembley.

Vertical advertisements on the right edge of the page, including 'The art Villeneuve', 'Richard Williams on a comedian who could...', 'Rugby Union: England', 'POLA', and 'Premiership FC'.

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page: 'Duffy's 20/1/20'





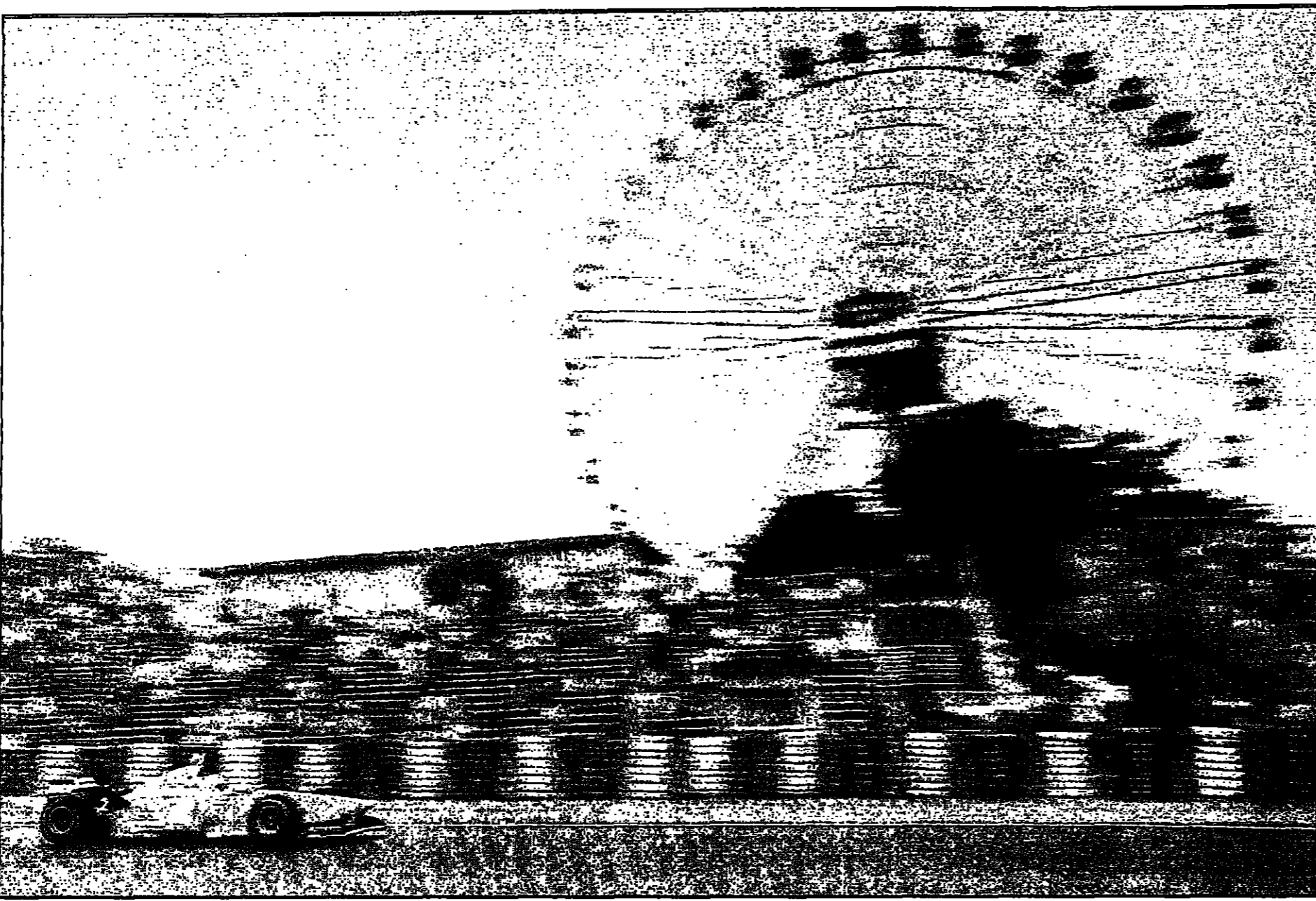
St Andrews Day Massacre Scotland go down and out to India 20



Baby faced assassin Life at Man Utd with Ole Solskjaer 22

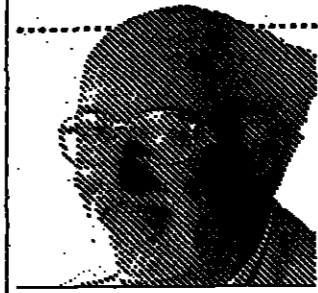
The Guardian Sport

GRAND PRIX SHOWDOWN



Wheel of fortune... the outgoing world champion Michael Schumacher takes his Ferrari into third place in free-practice at Suzuka yesterday

Gone-blond Gascoigne grows grey



David Lacey

YESTERDAY, May 27 2007, was Paul Gascoigne's 40th birthday. Sipping the slim-line tonic which has been his strongest staple for 10 years or more, the man once described as the Hero of the Stupid recalled the week which changed his outlook.

"And now he speaks English nearly as good as me." Gascoigne - "Please don't call me Gazza, he no longer exists" - has sent his eldest son to Eton. "I did think of Harrow," he said, "but they had too many bookies."

Hill gets in condition for all weathers

Alan Henry at Suzuka

INTERMITTENT rain and wildly-changing track conditions complicated the normally well-ordered routine of Friday's free-practice session for tomorrow's Japanese Grand Prix here, leaving the championship contenders Jacques Villeneuve and Damon Hill an uncertain fourth- and fifth-fastest.

Yesterday, with the track surface drying throughout the session, there was no point in attempting to fine-tune the chassis for conditions that could have altered significantly before the cars had accelerated back on to the circuit.

so I have a good feel for what the car might feel like in the race if the conditions are like this." Villeneuve, whose previous experience at Suzuka was when he contested the Japanese F3 championship, was equally sanguine. "The track feels good and so does the car," he said, "but we didn't do any set-up work today. I would obviously prefer a dry qualifying (session) because we have a very good car."

Michael Schumacher's Ferrari could complicate the equation. "It would be nice for Damon to win the world championship," said Frank Williams, Hill's employer until tomorrow. "He has matured very well over the four years he has been a grand prix driver for Williams. I think Tom [Walkinshaw of TRW Arrows] has got a very fine product coming towards him. I am very pleased for him."

ceeding the speed-limit in the pit lane. Hakkinen, the second fastest yesterday, is hoping that McLaren's three-year absence from the winner's circle might be over. The Finn had finished a superb second here last year behind Schumacher's Benetton. "The car performed as well as I expected as it seems to suit this kind of circuit," said Hakkinen, "although we still have to resolve some problems between the level of grip and the car's handling balance."

that he may conceivably help his arch-rival Hill to clinch the championship was not lost on the Ferrari driver who was third fastest. "But I think Damon fully deserves to win the title this year," he said with a grin. Hill can reassure himself in the knowledge that Walkinshaw is unconcerned whether the Arrows car carries the No. 1 or not next season.

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Euro 96 profit bodes well for World Cup hopes

Martin Thorpe

ENGLAND'S dreams of hosting the 2006 World Cup were greatly enriched yesterday by news that Euro 96 made a record profit of £69 million. Uefa's ability to turn a handsome profit on a tournament in which England matched the best teams on the field and avoided trouble off it will go down well with Fifa when it chooses a venue for the second World Cup of the new century.

FA £4 million, the winning Germans collecting £6 million and Scotland £2.5 million.

The other £22 million will go into Uefa's Special Fund, dedicated to the development of the game in eastern Europe's emerging nations - new floodlights in Tallinn perhaps? Despite fears that the FA would make a loss, it made a £500,000 profit on staging the tournament and will receive a further £750,000 from Uefa. Each of the eight host stadiums will also share £5 million for ground hire.

Guardian COLLINS Crossword 20,782

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to Guardian Crossword No 20,782, P.O. Box 915, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 2AX, by first post on Friday, 11 October and winners in the Guardian on Monday October 21.

Name Address Tick here if you do not wish to receive further information from the Guardian Media Group or other companies screened by us

Crossword grid with clues: 1 Mr Fiat gets right up one's nose! (14) 2 The difference between standing and sitting? (7) 3 "Someone had - (annoyed into the Light Brigade)" (9) 4 Philip Phipp's love set free in Fitzgerald (7) 5 Love and charity detailed in Leaning Pulses (7) 6 "Like Scotland in Samco" (Tennison) (5) 7 Sassy bearing Napoleon and Aries (7) 8 North American-ness a problem for polymath (11,3) 9 Limp-wristed, feeble yet upright in the Piazza San Marco (9) 10 Home countries rising in tree appeal (7) 11 "I have Sind", punned Napier, "with 100 captives and no way back" (7) 12 Fascist leader getting into debt. In made to feel small (7) 13 Stings Flechtheim for a pound in topless joints (7) 14 Inclined to be up to no good, accommodating student (8)

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Quiz Answers

- 1. Stuart Higgins, editor of the Sun and victim of the "hoax of the decade". 2. Stuart Higgins, 22ns. 3. Stuart Higgins, 22ns. 4. (a) Burhill Golf Club, which barred 19-year-old Lennie Briggs because he was adopted. 5. (a) Sarah Ferguson 7. (a) Patsy Kensit 8. All of them: Nicholas Scott was found drunk in the street; East Kings published a novel about sex and lingerie in the House of Commons; and John Redwood seemed to suggest he might advise a vote for James Goldsmith.

How you rate:

- 0-4 Depud 5-9 Quilibit 10-14 Check your sources 15 You've got it taped

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Monday October 1... Mother Teresa's... Too much not enough... 62 with Europe... Graham's son... Hill finds winning world formula at last... Mellor ba... Ministers warned... O'Brien's Dublin... public expect s... Inside

Handwritten signature or note at the bottom of the page.